

January 28 10¢ Weekly

Pantomime

MOVIE TOPICS

Mildred June



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- Question**—How can I learn the number of votes the others have? **Answer**—PANTOMIME will print lists of those enrolled and the votes they have, from time to time.
- Question**—How will the votes be counted? **Answer**—At the end of the race the votes will be carefully counted by disinterested persons.
- Question**—Do I need any material to work with? **Answer**—No. However, receipt books and instructions as to how to get votes will be sent free on request.
- Question**—When does this contest end? **Answer**—It ends July 8, 1922. All subscriptions must be in the mails at midnight of that date.
- Question**—How can I get more information about his race? **Answer**—Write about any point not clear to you.

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*Bebe Daniels dons Spanish attire and serenades
herself in the summer garden of
her California home.*



So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Walt

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

DOWN in the little North Carolina town I always think of as "home," there used to be a saying—common enough in all sections, perhaps, though I never heard it elsewhere. It's a paraphrase from "King Lear." It ran:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child."

And that saying popped into my head, a few days ago, as I sat in the subway, reading an afternoon paper.

The item which brought back the quotation was brief. It was buried far down in an obscure corner. It stated, merely, that Constance Talmadge and Charles Chaplin had made arrangements with 3,400 movie theatres throughout the country, to deal with them in their new releasing plan.

This may or may not mean something to you. In case it does not, bear with me while I try to explain.

Connie, Charlie, and a handful of other stars, having made enough money to start three or four national banks, have now decided that they do not want to put out their pictures through the old distributing companies—that is, the First National Company, the Paramount Company, etc. Instead, they want to deal direct with the theatres themselves.

Of course, they have propaganda. It's the same old line of bunk. It has references to wicked "Wall Street Influences." It speaks caustically of the muchly defamed, and generally hated "middle man," who hogs all the profits. It deals with high-handed methods of "The Movie Trust."

And so on, and on, and on!

On the face of it, the plan looks like a fine piece of business for the dear public.

"Cut out the middle man," according to a cursory consideration of the scheme, "and the public will get better pictures at less cost. Also, the poor overworked moving picture star will cease to be robbed."

It's really too bad about these poor, overworked stars, too.

Think of the poor dears, forced to get along with a fourteen-room bungalow, and only about seven acres of lawn! Think of them having to endure existence with only four automobiles!

Imagine the terrible inconvenience of actually having to go through life with only two maids—one at home and the other at the studio! (Of course, they have their regular household staffs—butter, chef, maids, etc., but, my dear, they don't count. One simply couldn't live without them!)

And in thinking over the sad lot of these poor stars, one's grief becomes more poignant; more soul searing, when one recalls the fact that a few years back, to most of these self-same pampered ones, twenty dollars a week would have looked as big as a beefsteak to a Bolshevik.

So much for the hard life of the pretty ones compared to what they were used to before you and I began paying our two bits each to see them on the screen.

The crux of the matter lies in that age-old trait of human nature—greed. No doubt you have wondered—even as I—why it is that a man like

Rockefeller, for instance, should continue to slave away day after day, piling up more dollars, when he already has so much money that he can't even spend his income.

You've probably tried to figure out just why a financier, with assured millions, will deliberately set about to ruin another, smaller financier, and take away even the little that he has—knowing full well that the added money will not help him especially, and may put the other's family in real want.

Such things have happened times without number. Not infrequently, too, the ending is suicide for the ruined one.

Of course, there will be no suicides in this particular affair—unless it be that these stars are figuratively cutting their own throats!

But the point is, that the actuating purpose back of the marauding financier—and back of this new plan of these stars—is GREED. It is greed, simple, and simon pure.

One would think, looking over the histories of some of the movie people in back of this scheme, that instead of trying to fight the old producing and distributing companies, they would be more inclined to bend their heads in gratitude.

Because these self-same companies they plan to fight—whom they revile as high-handed robbers tied up with Wicked Wall Street and everything—are the ones who made them. Were it not for these companies, with their splendid organizations, and their millions spent for advertising, these stars of today would be virtually unknown. Some of them, no doubt, would be thirty-dollar-a-week stenographers. And also, it is not impossible that some of them would be nine-dollar-a-week sales-girls.

It wasn't so very many years ago that "Charlie" Chaplin was glad to get a job as an "extra." Truly enough, he had been on the legitimate stage before that—but history does not record the fact that he ever set the world on fire. As proof—did you ever hear of him at all before the big companies began telling you about him with advertisements which cost more money than you and I probably will ever see?

And this self-same Miss Talmadge, if I am not mistaken, lived for many years in Brooklyn. Her home was comfortable enough, probably, but it certainly was not one of the show places of the neighborhood. Indeed, the neighborhood in which she lived didn't have any show places.

None of the foregoing is intended to detract from the ability of those referred to. They have ability. That is unquestioned.

The fact remains, however, that no matter how great their ability, or genius (if any), they could not possibly have brought themselves to their present position.

We may be wrong, but to us, in our cloistered editorial sanctum, it looks like biting the hand that fed them.

But there's one consolation. The companies they're fighting aren't worrying much, because, as I've been assured they can't put it over.

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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-

cause Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.



Is this violin uttering any subtle, soulful things about May Collins, as Richard Dix steers the bow across its strings? Well, it ought to—for the names of Richard and May are being coupled together aplenty these days, and this may be the manner in which Dick soothes his troubled mind when he has doubts, or Cupid prods him over hard.



Bribery! Patsy Ruth Miller is bribing the grim gateman at the Goldwyn studios to let her haul her wagon and its cargo inside. No, it's not Patsy's sister that comprises the wagon cargo: it's her mother. Doesn't it beat all how they fool you these days?



Pauline Frederick is a versatile bit of femininity. Most people think she confines her sport activities to fields right close to her beautiful home. But she doesn't. Often Polly slips off to the high hills and gives the trout a treat.

Well, did you ever! Tom Ince went over to Mack Sennett's place, evidently, and borrowed one of those famous one-piece models for use in his private ocean in the back yard of the Ince Hollywood home. Thomas is so busy these days he scarcely has time for any recreation other than churning the water.



Bert Lytell can do ther things besides look pretty. For instance, a lot of stuff on a sailboat. What he's doing in this picture may not be very useful, but Bert seems to like it. The picture was made while he was on a recent holiday at the famous Catalina Island.

Why Do They Say I'm Engaged?

By Lila Lee

IT'S happened again!

This time PANTOMIME has sent me one of those cute little yellow telegraph messages all the way to Hollywood as follows:
HEAR YOU'RE ENGAGED TO JACK GILBERT STOP IS IT TRUE STOP PLEASE WRITE OR WIRE

Please, Mr. Editor Man, convey my kindest greetings to your indulgent readers and tell them, for me, "No; I am still enjoying the blessings of single bliss, and my heart is not even threatened, let alone captured."

Hearing rid my mind of that, may I venture to go up into the air a little? Is it not a woman's privilege?

I thank you.

I should like to write a circular letter to all the newspaper editors in the country and say, "Honored Sir: Why are you always printing stories in your papers that I am engaged? It bothers me, and it shakes my belief in the truth of the rest of the news you publish. When I actually do get engaged, I'll send you a nice little note and tell you all about it."

"Till then—please have a heart!"

According to the newspapers, I have been engaged at least a dozen times.

Would you mind very much if I whispered a little secret to you?

Here it is:

I have never in my life been proposed to!

"Lady, lady," I can hear you shouting in a scandalized but lady-like manner, "where have you been keeping yourself?"

"I've been right in the thick of it, sir," she said.

For centuries I've lived right here in Hollywood, where romance blossoms in every flower garden and over the tinkling glasses of Moxie at the Ambassador, where handsome Lotharios are as common as Fords, and where most of the world is young.

On the studio set I've been held in the arms of such expert Romeos as Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan and Will Rogers. Perhaps the last-

named doesn't work as smoothly as Romeo did, but he's a nice and gentle manly love-maker. Love-making under the Kleigs is, of course, all make-believe, but the technique is much the same as in real life. It is instructive.

When I say I've never been proposed to, that doesn't mean that I've never detected a proposal heading my way.

Any girl can spot an embryo proposal.

You know the signs. His eyes get a queer little sparkle in them; his voice trembles a bit and becomes a trifle husky; unless he is a past master proposer, he is more or less embarrassed and his hands seem like bunches of bananas to him. Those are the general storm warnings.

When I see them hoisted, I do something. I get away, or I shift the conversation, or I look angry.

Any girl can prevent herself from being proposed to if she wants to, and she doesn't have to look like a female Bull Montana either.

I don't want to be proposed to except by the man I can say, "Yes," to. I haven't found him yet. When he comes along, I hope the proposal does too. Perhaps I'll help it along a little.

Until then, why should I be disappointing and wasting the time of a lot of nice boys by letting them propose to me and then turning them down?

It isn't nice.

But the newspapers won't let me alone. It seems as if everybody in Los Angeles were either a film player or a newspaper reporter. If I go to dinner with a man, somebody spots us and tells a reporter.

And it is very embarrassing. Every few days my sister Peggy greets me with the morning paper and chortles, "Aha, Lila, I see you have gone and gotten yourself engaged again."

I suppose people think that because I no longer wear my hair in pigtails, I really should get married, and they're sincerely anxious to pick out a good, kind husband for me.

Folks, I thank you—but I'm not going to be rushed.



Here's the way Lila will look when she is ready for the wedding bells.



Will Rogers, is shy, says Miss Lee, and is no improvement on Romeo, but he's a gentlemanly love-maker.



Lila says Tom Meighan is a "fast worker" as a "catch-as-catch-can" artist.

Fifty Reels of Ridiculousness!

By Charles

IT is estimated that over one million, five hundred thousand feet, or fifteen hundred reels, of finished film is turned out yearly by the various motion picture producers. And out of these fifteen hundred reels it is estimated that fifty reels are taken up by the various credits given the director, author, scenario writer, photographer, art director, title writer, art titler, etc.

Fifty reels of ridiculousness—apparently. Fifty reels—enough film on which to turn out seven or eight masterpieces! Fifty reels—and at the rate of fifteen minutes per reel, twelve hours wasted looking at names that mean nothing to the average movie fan!

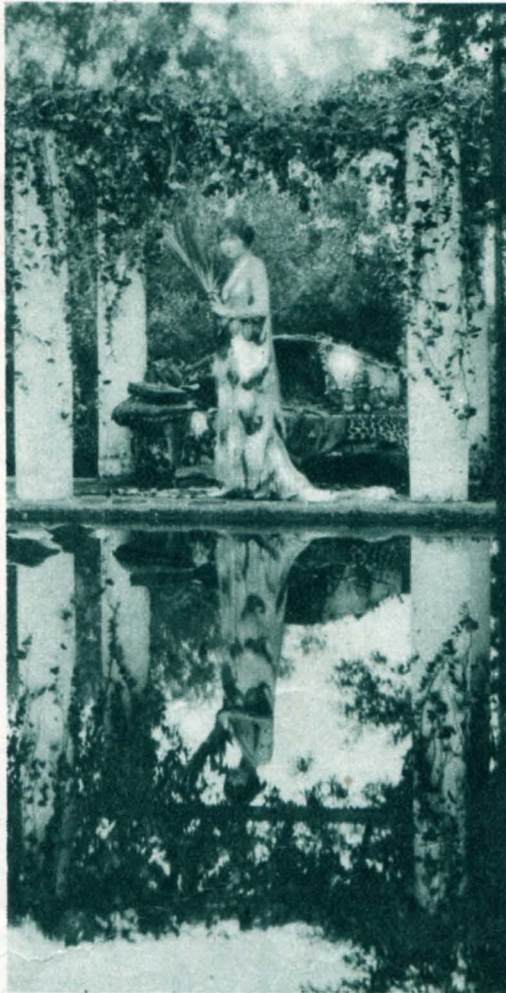
Why do they do it? Is it compulsory—or is it voluntary on the part of the producer in putting these names on the film?

Let's take 'em one at a time and see if they deserve being there.

After the main title in a picture generally comes, "Directed by—say—Cecil B. De Mille." Not much need to explain why HIS name, or any other director's name, should go on the film. He's the man responsible for the general excellence of the whole film. Those human little touches—that laugh mixed in with the tragedy to relieve the tenseness of the situation—those big scenes—the handling of the actors—all that, and more, the director is to be credited with.

Next comes, "Story by Sir James M. Barrie" or "John Smith." John Smith is the man responsible for the creation of the film. In his mind originated the plot you see unfolding before your eyes upon the screen. Without him, there wouldn't be any film. That's why HIS name goes on the film.

"Scenario by Jeanie Macpherson" is what you see next. SHE is the one who took John Smith's story and re-wrote it in order that it would be more presentable to you. The average story bought by a producer is unfit to be screened as is. A number of changes are almost always necessary. The scenario writer is the one who makes these changes. The scenarist is also responsible for the smooth continuity of the picture. That is, she arranges the story so that the scenes follow each other logically, and in sequence. And without the scenario, which she writes, the director would have nothing to work by, and would have



A good cameraman and a good artistic director were responsible for this exquisite picture.

L. Gartner

of a picture is measured by its photography. If a picture is beautifully photographed its value to the public and the producer is increased considerably. To fully realize the worth of a good cameraman just go to any one of the theatres showing a cheap grade of pictures and notice the physical and mental strain a poorly photographed picture has upon you. Furthermore, a good cameraman must know how certain colors will photograph, how to take double, and even triple exposures. He must know how to obtain certain effects by the use of the big arc lamps and spotlights; how much or how little light is needed to show the women and men stars to best advantage, etc. The cranking of the camera is the last, and the least, of his troubles. So when you see a film with some artistic effects, or some beautiful exterior scenes that are a treat for sore eyes, just remember that the man behind the camera—the fellow you never see—is responsible for it. That's why HE'S entitled to some credit.

When you go to a movie theater and marvel at the artistic backgrounds, the taste shown in the picking and arrangement of the furniture, the beautiful effect obtained by the careful selection of rugs, tapestry, pictures, etc., just credit the art director with that. Without him many a picture would be comparatively drab and colorless. Without him the beauty of the stars could not be enhanced by the wonderful backgrounds.

You fans who have seen most of the Cecil B. De Mille productions, haven't you ever wondered who designed the marvelous sets used in these pictures? Paul Iribe, Mr. De Mille's art director, is the man who designed them all. Don't you think he deserves credit?

But how about the title writer? What warrants him being classed with the above-mentioned select group? He's the chap—or lady—who helps make, or mar, the picture with his subtitles. Many a good picture is spoiled by the inane sub-titles injected, apparently for no reason at all, into the film. But on the other hand, it will be generally recognized that clever sub-titles do a lot toward making a picture interesting and worth while.

The art titler is the fellow who takes the subtitles and paints appropriate backgrounds for them. There is no doubt that these illustrated



This beautiful "set" was designed by Paul Iribe.



The camera cranker who made this triple exposure of Gloria Swanson had to know his business.

to more or less create the story in his mind and take scenes haphazardly. All of which is enough to qualify the scenario writer toward having his or her name mentioned in the list of credits on the first reel.

Most all of this is generally known. But what seems to puzzle the fans most is why the name of the photographer, art director, title writer and art titler should be put on the film along with

those of the director, author and scenarist. The photographer, we know, is the fellow who takes the picture. But he just turns the crank on the camera! Anybody can do that. The title of title writer explains that man's job. And so with the person responsible for the art titles. But who is the art director? Why is HE mentioned? Why are any of these four mentioned?

In the first place, a goodly per cent of the worth

titles help considerably in beautifying the film. They also relieve the strain of looking at forty or fifty sub-titles flashed upon the screen in plain black and white.

So there you have the reasons why all of these contributors to the success of the picture are given credit. Each one has his own particular job toward making the film more satisfactory to YOU.

The Vikings Come Again

By Walter Bodin

SOME centuries ago those glamorous fellows, the Vikings, set the tourist fashion for future generations of those hardy persons of the Northland.

That is, they set the fashion of going to all places on this sad globe that could provide enough water to float a boat, and their descendants have been at it ever since. The descendants have newer and improved methods than those resorted to by such chaps as Beowulf the Bluffer, Rufus the Red, Eric the Errant or Thorvald the Terrific, whose idea of a palatial ocean liner was nothing but an exaggerated rowboat. Of course, the descendants are right up to snuff on modes of travel, but the idea behind their emigration is very much the same as that which prompted their forebears to sally forth.

Your Viking was a lusty chap with a wondrous alcoholic capacity and ideas of his own. When he took to his rowboat for an ocean jaunt of some thousands of miles he was impelled by the thought that he was off to conquer new lands and new peoples. He was the creature of his environment, to be sure. His environment did not permit him to attempt the conversion of new peoples by methods similar to those practiced by our more enlightened, if less pugilistic, Christian missionaries. He is suspected of having been a bit uncouth (and, at times, bordering on vulgarity) in convincing strangers of his sincerity of purpose.

Well, the descendants of these gentlemen are just as zealous in their desire to convert new peoples to their ideas, but their environment and, therefore, their methods having changed, they go to all parts of the globe and attempt conversions in less robustious ways.

Which serves to introduce Miss Kaj Gynt and Mr. Carl Wallman, actress and actor, and natives of Sweden. Descendants of Vikings? To be sure. All those natives of those queer latitudes and longitudes that flirt with the North Pole point back with undoubted pride to that boasted ancestry.

And their idea?

Why, it's to convince Americans that they are good actors and actresses and that they know considerable about making motion pictures.

"Miss Kaj Gynt and Mr. Carl Wallman, from Sweden," the stenographer announced as she ushered the pair into the office.

Kaj Gynt . . . Odd, isn't it? Before looking up, the thought of Grieg flashed through my mind. Grieg and the "Peer Gynt" music. Then I looked upward into a pair of



Grieg might have had her in mind when he wrote "Anitra's Dance."

PHOTO BY NORMAN BUTLER

photodramas founded on the fiction of such bleak grandeur written by the artists of Sweden and Norway and Denmark.

"And," Miss Gynt explained, "I am to have the role of the leading woman and Mr. Wallman is to be leading man."

We began a general conversation, the three of us. It developed that Miss Gynt, true to the urge of her Viking ancestry, has wandered over large parts of the earth's surface, taking with her her art and her unusual charm. The same is true of the blond and slender Wallman. Both are graduates of the Royal Dramatic Theater of Stockholm; both have worked in pictures for the Swedish Biograph Company, one of the biggest European producers.

Miss Gynt, after a time in France, came to the United States in 1917. Incidentally, I learned here the secret of the woman's charm of movement, of which I had all along been so conscious.

"You know," she said, "I am also a model."

Miss Gynt's first American picture role was with Ethel Barrymore in "The Eternal Mother." Then she appeared in four pictures with the cameo-like Dolores Cassinelli. Her latest American appearance has been on the stage with Lou Tellegen, in "Don Juan," an ill-fated piece that had an early New York demise last fall.

I turned to Mr. Wallman. He, too, has felt the urge of the Viking travel mania, and has seen many continental studios and stages. At the present time he has a small part in a picture being made at the International studios, New York, which he will leave to take up his work with Miss Gynt in the new Fox pictures.

"As yet, I am not used to the people of this country," Mr. Wallman confessed rather reservedly. He speaks with the noticeably precise choice of words of the man to whom the English tongue is alien.

In between pictures, the vibrant and vigorous Miss Gynt (with the rather reserved assistance of Mr. Wallman) is trying very hard to establish a club center for men and women who work in motion pictures in New York studios.

More power to her in all her ventures.



Carl Wallman has a matinee idol face.

happy, laughing, dark eyes of changing colors, and as I started to my feet I seemed to hear the intoxicating notes of "Anitra's Dance."

Yes, Grieg might have had her in mind when he wrote that.

"How do you do? This is Mr. Wallman," and she presented a straight, slender young fellow with a matinee idol face, topped by hair that might have been flax. His eyes are of that live blue seen only in the very young or the very old. They seated themselves and out of a maze of impressions I cast around for something to talk about.

Kaj Gynt is immensely attractive. Her eyes race her words to one ahead of her lips.

"We are descendants of Vikings," Miss Gynt began, "and we are in America to give you something of our Sweden."

She fairly radiated personality, and Mr. Wallman's eyes telegraphed accord. I have seen the same blue in the waters of Monterey Bay.

"We are to bring to the American screen the stories of the North, the characters of Norse authors," Miss Gynt confided.

And then she announced that very shortly, now, she will begin an engagement with the Fox people, in the New York studios, producing



PHOTO BY WHITE

Kaj Gynt as she appeared in "Don Juan."

JUST KIDS

By Jove, there have been a lot of engagements rumored and admitted 'round the Hollywood colony these days. So PANTOMIME'S cameraman went seeking the cause—and found Cupid making his present headquarters at the studios. He took this picture of the rascal—whose mother calls her Betty Ann Risle.



Oh, man! Will yo' all take a look at dis high-steppin' cullud gem'mun? It's li'l, laughin' 'Sunshine Sammy,' of the Hal Roach studios, and we-all is a-tellin' you-all, Sammy ain' only all dressed up, but he's got plenty o' places to go. Sammy will be eight his next birthday.

Helen Ferguson got so attached to this little shaver during the weeks in which he worked with her, that she has decided to make him her protégé in real as well as in reel life. Judging from appearances, the boy kinda likes it.



Here's a quintette of happiness. The four little actors and actresses were engaged to appear with Miss Lake in a recent picture. The Metro star declared a half-holiday one day, and took 'em on a picnic. Look at the crop of smiles she reaped.

Looking for a mascot with more freckles than possessed by "Wes" Barry, Director Rowland Lee went out an' acquired this young person. He's got Wesley faded to a whisper. Eh! What? Rowland Lee is famous for his dimples, but he's hiding them in this picture.

Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paraglyphs

from Hollywood

Filmdom capered right merrily in a big *Shirley* benefit performance staged by the *Los Angeles Examiner* that the city's poor little children might be gladdened with Yuletide cheer; stars shone brilliantly that drab little lives might be brightened with rifts of sunshine. And the whole town bought tickets—and applauded itself hoarse—and everybody was happy—and so were the kiddies when Kris Kringle came a-visiting.

The most beautiful of all the acts was a rose-dance ballet of children, among whom I noted Peggy Cartwright twirling and dipping, one of the darlings little human rosebuds of them all. Next Jane Hart, the Christie baby-comedienne, toddled out on the big stage and if it hadn't been for her staunch friend, Laddie the Collie, I guess Jane would have just *moed* with fright! She managed to say "How Do" and, after some persuasion, accepted a basket of roses. It was Jane's stage debut, you understand—she's only one whole year old. The audience nearly went mad over her. Shannon Day danced a piquant little dance as intriguing as Shannon herself and everybody told her right out with stinging palms what they thought of it. Bernice Radom, baby vamp in "Penrod," showed in songs and winning facial lures how it's being done by the coming generation—and to complete her instruction, "vamped" that modest gentleman, Wesley Barry, as he sat in a box. After her act, I saw her up in Wes's box too—now what do you know about that?

Walter Hiers filled a considerable portion of the stage with his rip-roaring monologue—undoubtedly that boy is the monologist (have I the license, Mr. Webster?) chap I ever heard. After Walter came the slow opening of the exquisite 1921 Book of Fame—a huge album, bound in gold, wherein for a moment stood, one by one, our stars.

The pages were: May Allison, Agnes Ayres, Wesley Barry, Madge Bellamy, Lionel Belmore, John Bowers, Sylvia Breamer, Helene Chadwick, May Collins, Jackie Coogan, Viola Dana, Mildred Davis, Marguerite de la Motte, Richard Dix, William Duncan, King Evers, Dustin Farnum, Helen Ferguson, Raymond Hatten, Richard Headrick, Jack Holt, Edith Johnson, Dorothy June, Alice Lake, Cullen Landis, Lila Lee, Bessie Love, Doris May, May McAvoy, Douglas MacLean, Frank Mayo, Mary Miles Minter, Baby Peggy Montgomery, Colleen Moore, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Myers, Mabel Normand, Dorothy Phillips, Pauline Starke, Anita Stewart, Rudolph Valentino, Florence Vidor, Bryant Washburn, "Sunshine Sammy," George Walsh, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor.



Mildred Davis was one of the pages.

Constance Binney, a willowy fluff of beauty, gave an exquisite dance of her own, to the music of "Pizzicati," from "Sylvia." "The Morning Him," a playlet all about soft-boiled eggs and hard-boiled husbands, was given by Enid Bennett and J. Anthony Smythe. A nonsensical skit, called "The Horsemobile," followed, with Mabel Julienne Scott holding the reins of most of the conversation. Ora Carew sang some inimitable songs, and Larry Semon did an act and Jacqueline Logan danced her "Christmas Syncopations."

Al St. John maneuvered his passionate bicycle hither and yon; Thelma Miller and David K. Murray danced "The Moth and the Flame"—and take it from me, the Moth wasn't allowed to get cold. Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley did an act called "Black and White"—not complexions, you understand—and Bebe's songs and Wanda's pianologues are worth going quite a distance to hear.

"Essence of Nothingness" was next, but I was so busy wondering what May Collins meant by letting Richard Dix play with such a lovely small piece as *Leatrice Joy*, that I forgot to listen. Margaret Loomis presented a "Dance Javanese" and Delyres Perdue (don't blame the printer if he spells it "Delirious," for that's what she made the audience) did one called "The Phantom Swordsman," a bizarre fantasy of flashing, nimble feet and exotic colors.

Mary Wynn, young screen ingenue, sang and Herb Rawlinson made mystic sounds of Waikiki come out of his ukelele. Bert Lytell presented another playlet, "The Triangle," with gentlemen occupying all the points and Lila Lee like "Puss Wants a Corner." Following it came Ben Turpin, in his first dramatic appearance—and girls, if you could have seen Ben's eyes trying to look serious!—with Monte Banks and Slim Somerville and others. Winding up a gala program was a side-splitting comedy staged by Fox Sunshine comedians.

Girls, here's one—too good to keep—on Rowland Lee, that handsome Goldwyn director about whom I told you last week. He is a bachelor and the embarrassed possessor of two (2) dimples, one in each cheek, which he tries very hard to suppress. But the other day they attracted the attention of a youthful freckled extra, who attached himself as personally-appointed mascot to Rowland.

"Say," he finally unburdened himself, "I gotta swell-lookin' sister an' she's twenty-three an' ain't married yet. We ain't meet her, Mister Lee?"

"Camera!" yelled the reddening director, but no one heard him. And, girls, I haven't seen Rowland's dimples since!

"Bet Santa Claus had a lot o' left-overs this year," chuckled Larry Semon. "These rolled-down stockings—eh?"

"The Writers' Cramp" realized \$6,647.54 for its proud papas and mamas. They plan an athletic field where Irvin Cobb and Rupert Hughes can play football and Sir Gilbert Parker and Elinor Glyn can shake a chaste racquet. Fred Alexander, former United States tennis champion, is superintending the laying-out of the grounds. There will be a swimming-pool just for the little gold fish to enjoy privately and where bathing beauties will be taboo—maybe. I guess the fifty-four cents will buy costumes for the gold fish—or the bathing beauties.

Reports from the Watch Hill Boys' School in Rhode Island indicate that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is following in his illustrious dad's footsteps. He won a silver loving cup as the best all-around athlete at the school.

Natalie Talmadge Keaton isn't going out very much these days. Why? Oooh, I'd never tell. But folks do say Buster is laying in a good supply of cigars!

Robert W. Service, noted poet, has been visiting the studios, gathering material for a book on the movie folks. He spent a day with Anita Stewart at the Mayer studio—so I know there'll be one person dealt with in a complimentary manner.

Maxwell Karger, directing some mammoth café scenes for "Hate," starring Alice Lake, devised an ingenious scheme for keeping the various groups of extras moving in harmony. He uses electric bells to signify certain orders! It was a bit confusing at first, but soon the big throng of people caught on and responded perfectly to the signals.



Pauline Frederick won't go to England.

Colleen weds? Get him another girl, I guess. That's the way most fellows heal their broken hearts.

It's "Uncle Harold" Lloyd now. The Gaylord Lloyds have a new member, who promises solemnly to become a comedian as soon as the nurse will quit holding him so tight and let him venture forth. "They"—meaning the men-folk—wanted to name him "Harold"; but their desire had about as much weight as fathers' opinions usually have in such matters. The baby's mother has decided he'll be called "Gaylord, Jr."

Fanny Hurst is so peeved over the way the producers changed her story, "Star Dust," that she threatens legal action and all sorts of things. She got up in the projection room where the film was being shown and apologized to a party of friends she had brought to see the picture. But they say she felt the same way about "Humoresque" at first.

Raymond McKee has a fish pond in his front yard like they have in the fillums. It was designed by Cleo Neely, who created the Temple of Jewels at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Ray had harness for his dog imported from London. Yet he exposes his poor little gold fish to the rigors of California sunshine! For shame, Ray! But maybe when wife-to-be Frances White takes charge of Ray and his menage—

Tom Moore, having lost his Goldwyn contract—so 'tis said, because he didn't see any sense in coming home from Catalina just for work—was about to burst forth as an independent star, but it didn't mature. And now he's on the Ince lot, playing with Edith Roberts in J. Parker Read's production of "Pawned." Incidentally—but I guess you've heard the rumor of the expected visit of a well-known bird to the Moore household.

Carmel Myers, Ruth Roland, Edith Johnson and Jacqueline Logan showed the season's latest fashions in a style-reel at a local theater. Ruth was all dressed up like an ostrich, with hat, fan, dress-trimmings, bag and—yes, m'dear, *garters*—plucked from his hide. Peggy Hamilton staged the pictorial revue. There were frocks as frilly as weeping ice-cream sodas and—imagine!—the dearest little toy poodle arm-muff of soft white fur.

The cast of Hayakawa's new picture, "The Street of the Dragon," reads like my laundry list: Tsuru Aoki, Goro Kino, Misao Seki, H. Konishi, Toyo Fujita. One good thing—the director doesn't stammer.

Universal must be striving for contracts. Harry B. Harris completed a feature in seventeen days and von Stroheim's production of "Foolish Wives" has been lingering for over the year and the matrons haven't been cured yet. Mr. Laemmle, apparently despairing of their ever getting well, turned them over to another editor—and Mr. Von got real peeved about taking his life-work away from him.

A Titian Club has been formed here for redheads, and Colleen Moore wrote in to discover if she were eligible for membership. She is. She was born that way. But lots of "auburn-tressed" star-ladies I know weren't.

Elinor Fair says she's not going to wed Lew Cody today or tomorrow either. But that doesn't mean anything in this town—Mary Pickford said the same thing a few days before she married Fairbanks.

Barbara Bedford had a narrow escape from possible injury when a footpad jumped on the running board of her machine the other evening and ordered her to stop. In her nervousness, she stepped on the accelerator and sped away, leaving a very astonished highwayman. It isn't healthy out here to try to get away. She is engaged to Irvin Willat, director.

Richard Dix annexed the cup in the California Country Club's golf tournament, winning with a score of 68 for eighteen holes. Pretty good, Richard, considering you've only been knocking the little ball around the landscape for about six months.

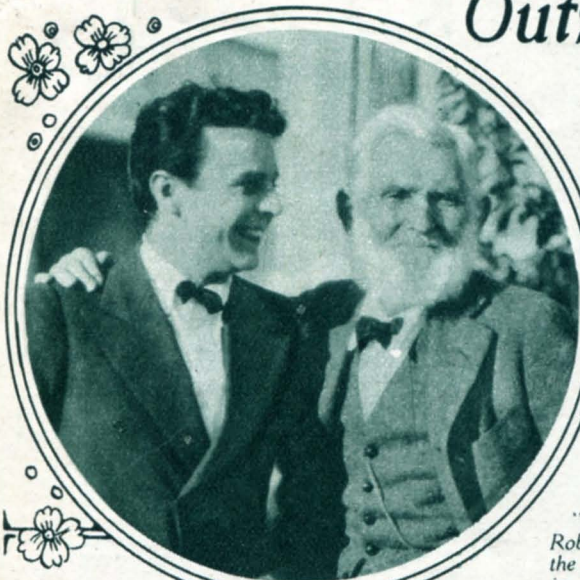
Bessie Barriscale is about to go into vaudeville. Reports have it that her Broadway play did not breathe life very long. Myrtle Stedman also is about to forsake the films for the two-a-day. Vera Gordon is now on the Orpheum circuit. So are the Lee kiddies, Jane and Katherine. They had quite an ovation here this week and received two dozen floral offerings at their opening performances. The next day they sent the flowers to the Children's Hospital. Katherine is eleven and Jane eight.

Harry Carey is quitting Universal. Can it be that Harry is peeved because a story intended for him was given to Hoot Gibson? But maybe there's another nigger in the woodpile somewhere. Carey recently bought a \$25,000 schooner and it is possible he may make a trip to the South Sea Islands before resuming his picture activities.



Sessue Hayakawa's cast reads like a laundry list.

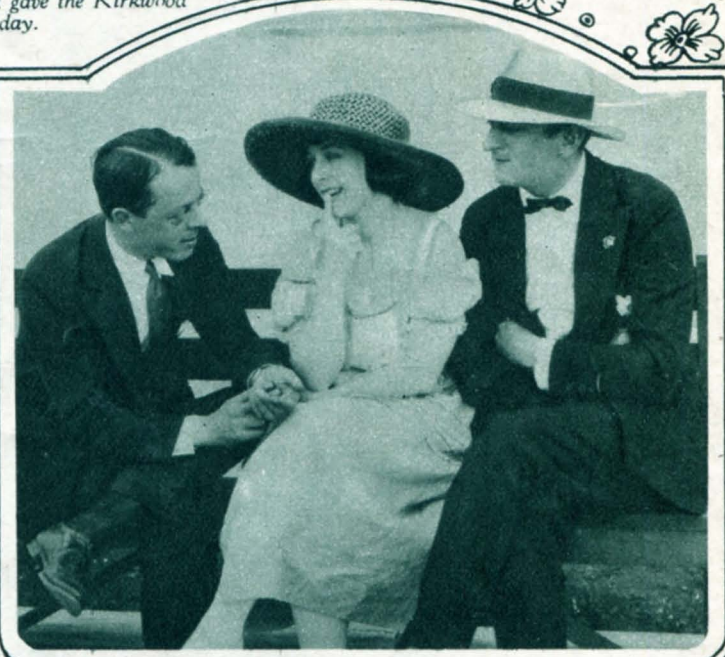
Outside The Studio



Never too old to yearn, oh, pardon—to learn. Here's Samuel Yetter, ninety-eight years, neither old nor young, who says he wants to start life over again as one of those gosh-dingy movie actors, just the same as his good-looking grandson, Raymond McKee, who smiles so gleefully into grandpa's facial adornment.



"Yep, you fit the role," says Clifford Robertson, Goldwyn casting director, at the right, as he surveys James Kirkwood in a masterpiece of make-up. No, the facial decorations are not glued on; James grew 'em and gave the Kirkwood razor a holiday.



They don't even make a pretense of bathing any more (that is, in the ocean), these Mack Sennett beauties. Here they are in one of the girl's dressing rooms, between "shots" on a picture, having tea 'n' things. Many things besides tea come out of tea pots these days. Now, we wonder.



What do you suppose the studio manager, above, is telling Allan Holubar and Dorothy Phillips (Mrs. Holubar)? From the quizzical smile on Dorothy's face the studio person may be telling a fish story. You can see that Friend Husband isn't easily taken in, either, for he's taking his time making up his mind whether or not to laugh.

Life seems to be just one damn thing after another, whether in or out of the studio. So thinks Frank Mayo, at any rate, as he argues with Director William Worthington. You see, Mayo's company was out "on location." It was on the desert, with enough heat to curl one's hair, and Frank and the male members of his company decided on a game of cards.

The Other DeMille

By Russell Holman

I RECENTLY read a review of Cecil B. De Mille's production, "Saturday Night," in my home town newspaper, in the course of which the reviewer enthusiastically remarked, "After all, there is only one De Mille!"

He was wrong. There are two—Cecil B. and William—and both are distinguished motion picture producers. This is a story about William De Mille, who is the older of the two.

When I went to see Mr. De Mille during his visit to New York, I remembered that he bore several titles—

The silent director—

The man with the pipe—

The producer the author can trust—

He lived up to all of these descriptive sobriquets. Like most people who have something worth while to say, William De Mille speaks briefly. He puffs upon a large curved brier pipe which he quite evidently regards with affection. And after talking with him for five minutes regarding his ideals and ambitions and methods, I'm sure any author, no matter how famous, would be eager to entrust his favorite brain child to him for reincarnation on the screen.

Mr. De Mille is one of the few directors in pictures who knows exactly what he is aiming to do and possesses the technical knowledge and artistic skill to do it.

"The first motion pictures were Western melodramas," said Mr. De Mille. "Then slapstick came into chief favor. Today, I believe the field is open to a new type of high comedy. That is the branch in which I hope to excel. Comedy has been defined as the humorous side of drama and farce the humorous side of melodrama. In low comedy humor is paramount and truth is secondary; in the high comedy I speak of, truth is the chief characteristic and humor is subordinated."

"In other words, high comedy interprets life itself from a humorous, whimsical angle. Life is a mixture of laughs and tears. So is high comedy. Humor and pathos are so closely related that it is frequently impossible to mark the line that divides the two. How often in our everyday life a laugh is checked by a sob. The great comedians of the stage and screen know this and always

He uses the
"Magna Vox"
in directing
big scenes.

keep close to the border line between the smile and the tear."

Mr. De Mille cited Ed Wynn, of the stage, and Charlie Chaplin as examples. I inquired regarding the other elements that would mark this high comedy of his. He puffed upon his pipe.

"Heart interest, of course," he answered. "Audiences must be stirred emotionally if any photoplay is to be a success. I don't mean by that people must weep. But they should feel a sympathy with the story and the characters, if the picture is well done. And this emotion must be of the heart rather than the brain."

"And I'll name a third characteristic—high comedy must be healthy in theme and tone. It may be possible to produce serious pictures in an atmosphere of sordidness, but not high comedy."



He regards his pipe with distinct affection.



William De Mille and Rita Weiman, the scenario writer, discussing "After the Show," which Miss Weiman wrote and De Mille directed.

If you have seen "The Prince Chap" or "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" or "Miss Lulu Bett," you know that William De Mille is as good as his word. They are high comedies of the highest type. They blend humor and pathos and possess a whimsical quality worthy of Barrie himself.

William De Mille was fairly born into the stage and screen. His father was Henry De Mille, a prominent playwright, co-author with David Belasco in several successes, and his mother, Beatrice De Mille, was a play broker.

William made his debut as a playwright in 1900 with "A Mixed Foursome," with Cecil B. De Mille and Bessie Barriscale in the cast. Perhaps his greatest stage successes were "Strongheart," produced in 1905 with Robert Edson in the leading part, and "The Warrens of Virginia," the cast of which included Mary Pickford, Frank Keenan, Cecil B. De Mille, and Charlotte Walker. This was produced on the screen in 1915; Blanche Sweet, House Peters and Mildred Harris (Chaplin) were the leading players. Mr. De Mille also wrote "Classmates" and "The Woman," both staged in New York by David Belasco.

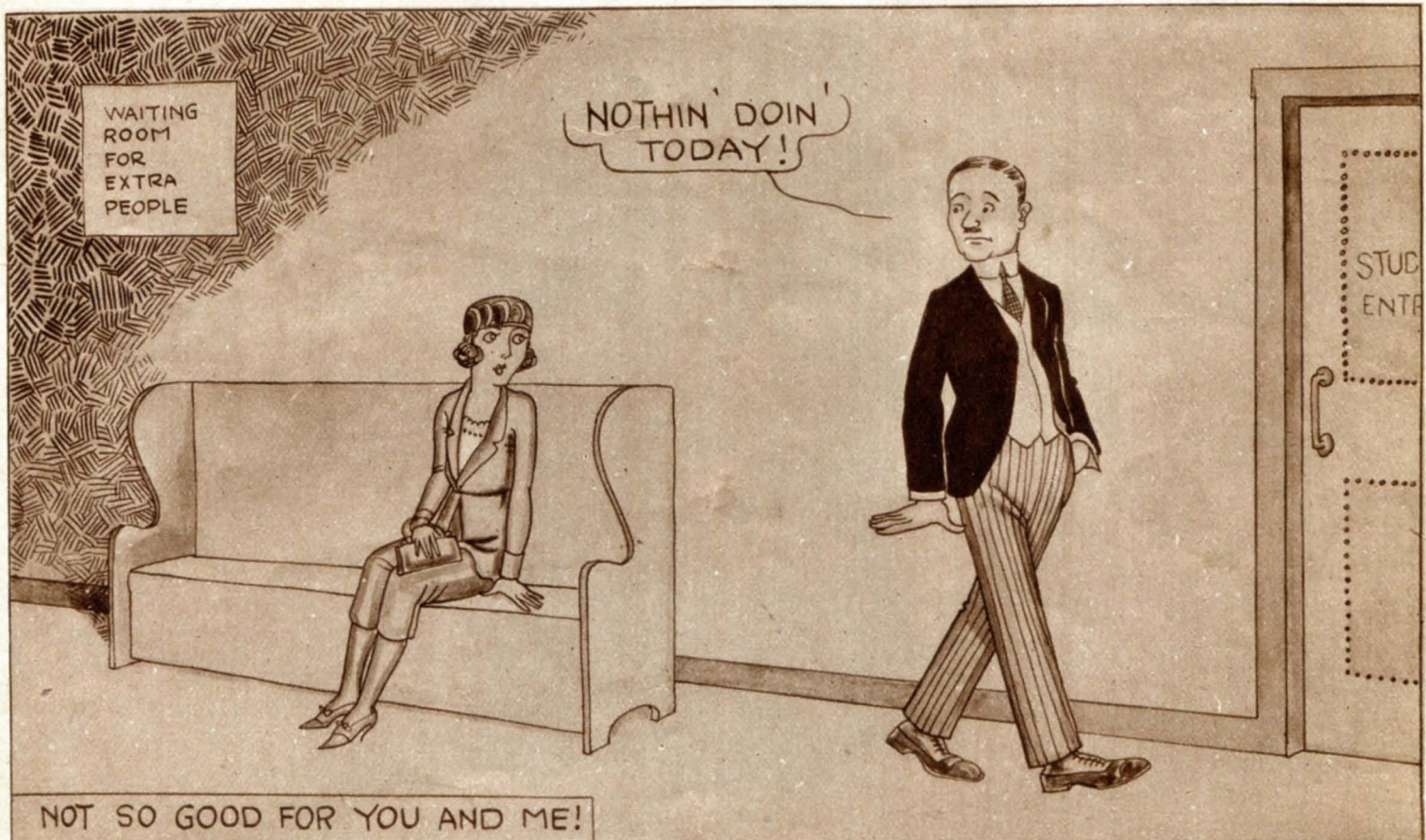
Recently he wrote the story for his brother Cecil's popular picture, "Why Change Your Wife?" After this success, William De Mille definitely abandoned the writing end of pictures to give his whole attention to a new series of big productions for Paramount.



Is It One Grand Life ? ? ?

IT DEPENDS ON WHO YOU ASK!!

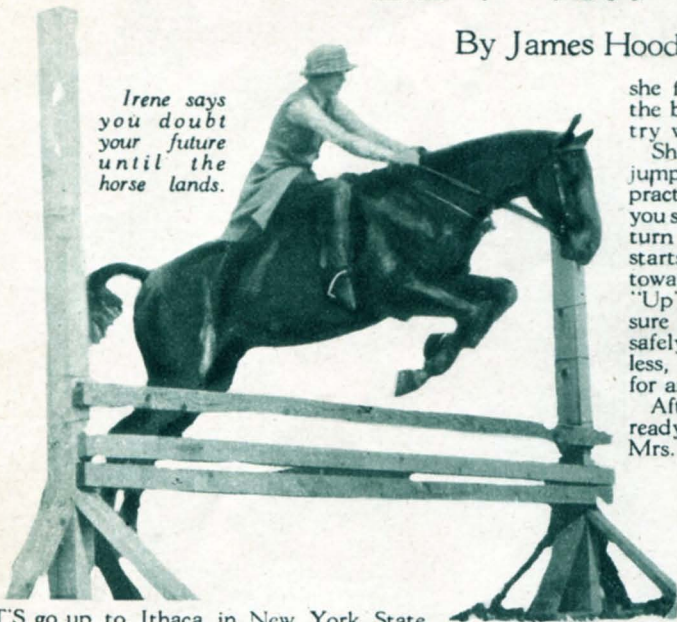
By FRED R. MORGAN



A Visit to Irene

By James Hood MacFarland

Irene says
you doubt
your future
until the
horse lands.



LET'S go up to Ithaca in New York State, which is the home of Mrs. Irene Castle, and where she is known as Mrs. Robert E. Treman, to see how she spends her time. You will come upon a picturesque granite estate which, except for the bright red roof, has the outward appearance of being many years older than it is. It is situated on the highest spot of a rambling country commanding a view for many miles of green hills and valleys and finally, Lake Cayuga. It is about the waters of Lake Cayuga that we hear the students of Cornell University sing whenever there is a football game or reunion. Past the house are the stables and a bit further the garage. Walking through the house by way of a tremendous living room filled with flowers of the field, you will come upon a granite walk leading in one direction to the swimming pool, and in the other to the gardens for flowers and vegetables.

But before you have gone many more steps your path will be blockaded with animals. First, in single file, comes the Belgian griffon delegation to greet you. The youngest first and all barking welcome. If by chance you make the suggestion of a lap they will all pile on, each fighting the other to be the first to lick your face in appreciation. Then you notice, standing at attention directly in front of you as a good officer should the German representative, Tell, a German police dog. He will stand at attention until you speak to him and then he will take the liberty to catalogue you in his mind by way of his nose. Once this is done it would be wise to be careful of your behavior for he has a reputation many pages long covering his ability to apprehend criminals. There are at least six other dogs of various sizes and breeds, who are by this time clamoring for your attention, but do not stop to pet one—for if you do the others won't like it and under the circumstances it is better to try to walk along as best you can entirely surrounded by dogs.

But what is that thing jumping up and down under that tree over there? Let's go see.

It's a monkey. Her name is Virginia (thereby hangs a tale). Your first thought is that Virginia was brought up in a cabaret for Virginia's legs are jazzy. She has the ability to dance for hours keeping perfect time. Mrs. Castle explains this by the fact that she purchased her from an organ grinder and that for many years previous she was the pride of the East Side. Virginia has a wardrobe trunk in which she keeps all her clothes very carefully, and which she will demonstrate if you cross her palm with a coin.

Next come the stables and you are formally presented to "Sir Roderick Doone" and "Watch Your Step," two blue-ribbon winners that Mrs. Castle enters in every horse show she has the time to attend. They have always been victorious, so far. Of all the animals with which Mrs. Treman has surrounded herself, it is quite apparent that these are her pets. Every day

she finds time to ride through the beautiful surrounding country with her husband.

She will tell you of the thrill of jumping, which she had been practicing all summer. How you saunter to the starting point, turn the hunter's head and he starts going faster and faster toward the hedge and then—"Up"—and you are never quite sure until you feel him land safely and it leaves you breathless, flushed and excited, ready for another try.

After that is over you are ready for a swim. It is here that Mrs. Castle excels. Her swimming suit is one of her own models designed for comfort and speed, and still is easy to look at. Her stroke is the trudgeon and she swims like a boy, never even bothering to put on a cap, which her bobbed hair makes possible.

She will be glad to do some exhibition diving for you and she executes the back dive, the sailors' dive, the jack-knife and the swan with such perfect form that you cannot refrain from expressing your admiration.

Then you hear a great racket and, looking in the general direction of the noise, see a loudly-striped bath robe, very much animated, coming toward you down the steps. A close-up presents Robert E. Treman in the role of husband, ready for a swim—tall, blond, athletic and handsome, just the type for a leading man's life. But the moving pictures do not interest him other than to promote a company for his wife and attend to the larger details of the enterprise. He prefers being a director and executive of a tremendous hardware organization in Ithaca.



Here's Irene with her leading man for life—Robert E. Treman.



Irene and two little friends on the porch of the Ithaca home.

After the swim tea is served at one end of the pool. Later you are invited to stretch yourself lazily on the porch in a comfortable wicker armchair to watch the twilight descend upon the valley.

With the announcement that dinner is served, you are aware of other pets that have been overlooked. The canaries, there must be six, join in a chorus with the cockatoos in a loud welcome to the living room. The presence of the birds explained the absence of cats.

You have probably guessed by this time that Irene Castle's hobby is animals. She was the first star to make an arrangement with a charitable organization whereby all those desiring a photograph need only send a small amount to the Bide-a-Wee Home for Animals to receive one. In the course of a year this amounts to quite a sum. While in England on her last visit she was sponsor for a bill to protect performing animals from cruelty. The bill came up before Parliament and she was summoned to make an address on the subject. Unfortunately, she had since returned to America and it was impossible to return in time to press it. It was unfortunate for the bill and for the animals also, as it did not pass.

Before you are driven to the station you have the opportunity to peep into the study where Irene Castle designs her dresses and costumes and writes her books and poetry or whatever it may be, for she does all these things, and does them well. You find it exactly the place you imagined she would have for a study. The beautiful hand-carved mahogany desk, the easel and drawing board, the draperies, pillows and coverings, are in beautiful harmony and excellent and original taste.

You climb into the town car, squeeze in between Robert and Irene—it was built for two but three can ride in it, if you don't mind the dogs—and away you go. Tell is on the front seat with the chauffeur, and the other ten are in your lap, but you don't mind them because they are such affectionate little things.

With real earnestness they say good-bye and if you can judge by the noise of those barking dogs you would think they were losing their last friend as you take the train for New York.

Ernst Lubitsch: Individual

By
W. J. Beliveau



Here is Ernst Lubitsch's fighting face.



Pola Negri is a Lubitsch product.



Here we show you Mr. Lubitsch in a social mood.

IT'S always pleasant to meet a rebel, a revolutionist, a tearer down of idols. That is, it's always pleasant for me.

So it was a truly pleasurable experience to meet Ernst Lubitsch and talk to him. That is, if interviewing a man by proxy can be termed "talking to him." For you must know that Ernst Lubitsch can't talk English; he's been too busy creating screen masterpieces to learn to speak any language but his native German. But a man's nationality doesn't stand in the way of his being an iconoclast.

And in what, you may well ask, does Ernst Lubitsch display himself an iconoclast? What stamps him a rebel?

Why, the one sure brand of the rebel that marks him as such the world over. He refuses to knuckle down to form. Convention (in this case, the convention of picture-making) means nothing to him; he is Ernst Lubitsch, the individual, before he is Ernst Lubitsch, the German picture producer.

Mr. Lubitsch is in the United States to study American picture production. Right now he is visiting various Hollywood studios, keeping his eyes very wide open and his mouth very close shut, opening it only occasionally to ask questions. The man who is unquestionably Europe's greatest producer and director, and the creator of several of the greatest film productions ever made, is a modest individual, ever ready to listen and ever loath to talk.

The interpreter introduced us when I called on Mr. Lubitsch in the ornate, red-plushed theatrical booking office which had been placed at his disposal upon his arrival in New York. He had been here less than twenty-four hours, so I did him a courtesy by refraining to ask him what he thought of America and Americans. Mr. Lubitsch is a mighty important man in the motion picture industry, and there were several rather vital matters I wanted to discuss with him. But it was difficult; an interview that flows through an interpreter's hands needs must flow fitfully and not entirely satisfactorily.

I was interested in knowing just what led the European to produce the spectacularly dramatic pageants for which he is so widely known in America. The interpreter Teutonized my desires, and Anglicized the reply.

"It was more or less accidental," Mr. Lubitsch wished to be quoted as saying. "You see, I had been making comedies in my studios near Berlin, and had decided to produce nothing else. My financial director, Mr. Paul Davidson, continually urged me to attempt serious photodramas. 'No,' I told him, 'I will do nothing of the kind. These pictures one sees on the screen are nothing but trash. The stories are trite. You know in the third reel just what is to happen in the fifth. I can be a fool in the comedies, without being a fool in these serious things of trash. I will continue to make comedies.'

But he continued to insist, and finally I consented to make 'Carmen.' Well, you know the

result. You have seen it in this country under the name of 'Gypsy Blood.' That was my first big picture. I was quite pleased with it, and decided, then, to make bigger and better pictures. No stars, I told myself . . . good pictures are not consistently made with stars. By that I mean, one cannot fit the story to the stars at hand; one must fit the stars into the story.

"Well, I began making historical dramas. When I decided on them, my friends came to me and said, 'You are crazy. People will not go to see costume pictures.' But I know better. I know that people will go to see any good picture, no matter what period of history the story deals with. Drama is what they want, and all of life at all times is drama. The great success of such pictures as 'Passion,' 'Deception,' 'The Golem,' 'Gypsy Blood' and 'One Arabian Night' has proven that I was right."

Therein lies the answer to the question: Why is Ernst Lubitsch a rebel?

For there aren't five producers in the United States who would dare make what is known to the trade as a costume photoplay. They point to several cheaply made and historically incorrect films produced here in the past that were financial as well as artistic failures, and declare unequivocally that "the costume picture can't be made a financial success."

Mr. Lubitsch didn't believe these producers. He doesn't believe them now. And he's shown just reason for disbelieving them. And, what's more, he's now making them disbelieve themselves! For his next great picture to be released in this country will be "The Wife of Pharaoh," in which a German woman appears as a new star, Dagny Servaes by name. To produce this spectacular drama Lubitsch engaged an Egyptologist to work with his staff of more than twenty experts he keeps in his studios. Months were devoted to research before any attempt was made to construct the big sets and design the costumes for the big cast.

Lubitsch takes picture making seriously. When he selects a story for filming he retires to the mountains and spends at least one month in familiarizing himself with it. Then he has the author with him for an additional month, going over the tale and rewriting the necessary passages. This finished, he sends a copy of the story to each of the members of the cast to be used in the play. None of the cast is told what part he or she is to play. Then, when all concerned have absorbed the story, he begins production.

"And I am absolute boss when that picture is made," he told the interpreter to tell me. "I have absolute charge of everything concerned with the making of that picture. I will listen to no one, once I have started work."

How many of our American producers follow this course? How many? The only answer echo sends back is "How many?"

Lubitsch hasn't seen many American-made pictures. The bigger ones only have been screened for him, and only a few of those, such as "Forbidden Fruit," and "Broken Blossoms." The last-named, by the way, he considers the artistic masterpiece of all pictures. He is a great admirer of American directors in general for their success in maintaining what he calls the "tempo" of their pictures. By that he means the smooth manner in which most picture stories are told under American production.

"I expect to learn much at Hollywood," he said. "I will gain impressions that will inspire me in my own work. Of course, what I gain will be in the abstract; no artist can copy another; the soul of good picture making is individuality."

Lubitsch began his career at eighteen as a comic actor in minor parts of the great Max Reinhart's company in Berlin. A few years later he began to appear in comedy films, and eight years ago he formed the Ernst Lubitsch Film Company, with studios at Berlin. Then, a few years of comedies, and the first big production, "Gypsy Blood," as related above.

"Gypsy Blood" was the first picture in which Pola Negri showed to advantage as an actress. It was Lubitsch who brought her along as an actress, and it is due to his management and influence that she is today one of the big stars in the cinema sky. Miss Negri is no longer with him, being now a Paramount star. Incidentally, Lubitsch's next pictures (for the time being, at any rate) will be given American release by the Paramount Company, with whom he has a verbal agreement. When we discussed this he gave out another sentiment which brands him a true rebel.

"I will continue to make my own pictures," he said. "I will choose my stories, my casts, my own good time. I will have no entangling alliances. I stand independent of everyone, including the distributors. They must take my pictures as I make them, for I will not make them as they may want me to."

Whereupon the interpreter said good-bye for both of us.



Big Moments in Pictures

Here we have Leatrice Joy and Conrad Nagel in scene from Cecil B. De Mille's latest for Paramount, "Saturday Night," which doesn't mean what you might think it does. "Saturday Night" is one of those spectacular pictures that De Mille knows so well how to handle. Miss Joy and Conrad Nagel are but two of the illustrious reel names in the cast.



Here it is, at last! The more-than-a-million-dollar picture, "Foolish Wives," of course, the von Stroheim production for Universal. Von Stroheim not only produced it: he has the role of a deep-dyed villain. Here he is seen with Miss Du Pont. The big production has been more than a year in the making, and has just been completed.



"Three Live Ghosts" is the name of this new Paramount picture, in which Anna Q. Nilsson is starred. It's not a ghost story, however, the leading characters being very much alive. Here Miss Nilsson and Norman Kerry are shown in a tense scene. It's a story of three pals, and a girl, not to mention a few villains.



Ethel Clayton is admitting Warner Baxter into the grand little order of the universal raspberry in this scene from "Her Own Money," her latest picture for Paramount. It's a snappy story of money intrigues, shiftless men, economical women, jealousy, some comedy—oh, most of the things that go into a present-day picture.

ures You Haven't Seen



Again, "The Rosary." This time it's the First National picture of that title. You'll see it soon. Jane Novak has the leading feminine role. Here you see her with Bert Woodruff, who appears in a quaint role, that of a gruff old sea captain with a lot of bluster, but much heart. Jane's quite becoming as an old-fashioned girl, eh?



Thomas Meighan figures that if one believes a thing, it is true. At any rate, that's the impression gained from the name of his forthcoming Paramount starring vehicle, "If You Believe It, It's So." With Tommy in this scene from the picture is Theodore Roberts. Yes, it is—look carefully behind the facial foliage, so thick that he can't use his customary cigar.



"This is a scene from "The Call of Home," but it looks more like an order from home, or, rather, an order to leave home. Can" you just hear the peevish young lady saying, "Never darker my door again!" Well, life (particularly in the movies) has some terrible moments, and this is evidently one of them. Irene Rich and Ramsay Wallace



"A Game Chicken." That's Bebe Daniels, all right, all right. She's proven it in real life often enough, and now she comes along to prove it in reel life. "A Game Chicken" is the name of her newest picture under the Realart banner. And here she is in a scene depicting just how game she is. Hugh Thompson is the jussy young man.

KATHLEEN was surrounded by all the desirable males in the room. In the group of women were but two men—an elderly gentleman, and an insignificant caricature of a chap, Harkness Boyd, Anixter's cousin. Cruel Providence had made a very prosaic and not particularly successful man of business of Harkness Boyd, instead of the lounge lizard and ladies' pet that he preferred to be. Boyd frequently stole furtive glances in Kathleen's direction, and was obviously ill at ease in the company of the envious women.

Chattering away, Kathleen led her group of worshipers down the ballroom floor, and the group gathered under an arch, near the musicians. Franklin was easily the favored one of the crowd. He stood near Kathleen, his eyes gazing at her rather too suggestively. She was plainly flirting with the man, obviously favoring him with the languorous sweep of her eyes and her well-distributed smiles seemed only for him.

Anixter and Joseph Emerson, the kindly, prosperous-looking president of Anixter's corporation, appeared at the ballroom entrance. Emerson looked appraisingly at Mrs. Anixter, and remarked:

"These Southern belles know how to sweep 'em off their feet, eh, Anixter?"

John smiled indulgently toward his homage-inspiring wife. As the two watched, young Boyd pushed his way through the group about Kathleen.

"This is our dance. You remember, Mrs. Anixter?" Boyd burst out.

Kathleen looked down at him in dismay, filled with alarm at the memory of Boyd's awkwardness on the dance floor. She looked appealingly toward Franklin, whose eyes held her's with an answering look of understanding.

"Help," her expressive eyes were fairly saying to Franklin, and the mute answer of his eyes was one of understanding. Franklin turned to Boyd.

"Mrs. Anixter had forgotten that she owed me this dance in payment of a bet," he told the bewildered youngster airily.

"Oh, Mrs. Anixter!" began Boyd, and he looked at Kathleen appealingly. She registered dismay, as though she were a helpless victim. So cleverly did she dissimulate that Boyd fancied she confessed herself in Franklin's power, so far as the disposal of this dance was concerned, but that she would much have preferred dancing with him. Boyd turned to Franklin.

"Mr. Franklin, won't you . . . ?"

But Franklin cut him off quickly.

"Sorry, but I can't release her."

And he placed his arm about Kathleen's waist, and the two danced away, she with a wave of helpless apology to Boyd over Franklin's stalwart shoulder. He stood watching the two ruefully, unmindful of the eyes of Anixter and Emerson, who had amusedly watched the comedy. The two laughed as Kathleen disappeared in Franklin's arms, and John, nodding toward the library, suggested they retire for a cigar.

They continued their discussion of Southern women as they sat in the soft chairs of the library, puffing appreciatively at the cigars John had brought forward.

"I understand Southern women," Anixter was saying. He chuckled appreciatively at some memory. "They are the most adorably flirtatious women in the world. I know. Innocent, ingenious flirting . . . like children. It's a fine art in the South. To a Southern girl it's the very essence of romance."

The two drifted into a business discussion.

Grand Larceny

FROM THE STORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

PART II

"I have the next dance with him," she told him—"and he's a terrible dancer. Oh, I just won't dance with him!"

Franklin glanced at a door leading to a terrace, then looked back at his companion challengingly.

"Suppose he doesn't find you," he suggested, his head nodding toward the terrace. She laughed, and nodded acquiescence.

They hurried out together, avoiding Boyd's eager search. He looked down at Kathleen as she sank into one of the big wicker chairs. Kathleen sighed

her contentment, and looked dreamily into the moonlit grounds just below her.

"Romance," she almost whispered. "Isn't a night like this full of romance?"

Her voice caressed the words, that were filled with the very essence of coquetry. Albeit, innocent coquetry, but Franklin put a different construction on their meaning. His eyes looked hungrily down at her gleaming shoulders, and when she made an almost imperceptible gesture, as though she were chilled, he anticipated her wish for the scarf that lay across the back of the chair. He dropped it to her shoulders, and as his hands came in contact with the soft flesh, his face dropped its mask and all his desire flamed into his eyes.

Kathleen was looking out over the lawn, her mind in a pleasant haze, when she felt Franklin's body leaning closer and closer toward her.

"Kathleen," His breath fanned her cheek as he whispered the name, and, half rising, she looked up into his eyes. There was no mistaking the meaning in that leering face. The smile died on her lips, a look of amazement came into her eyes, to be followed by one of utter horror. Franklin, blinded by his desire, believing that she had deliberately led him on, leaned yet closer. His lips were at her ear.

"You little beauty," he started.

But Kathleen was now fully aroused to the danger that menaced her, and she half bounded from her chair. Her cheeks flaming, her mouth expressing her horror and

scorn and loathing, she faced him one brief moment, then took a step forward.

"Let me pass, please."

She was surprised at the calm of her voice.

Franklin, taken aback, did not realize for a space that she was serious. After an almost imperceptible wait, he stepped back, and his lips curled in disdain as he said:

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Anixter, but you brought it on yourself."

"What!" involuntarily answered Kathleen, taken off her feet by the declaration. "What do you mean?"

"You can't play with a man's emotions without being—at least scorched," he told her. "What have you meant by your invitations to me? For surely you have invited my actions just as much as though you had spoken the words."

Not until then did his meaning dawn upon her. Her first sensation was that of outrage that this man had misjudged her innocent coquetties.



Kathleen had been particularly careful with her toilette that night.

GRAND LARCENY

A Goldwyn Picture from the Story

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Kathleen Vaughn	Claire Windsor
John Anixter	Elliott Dexter
Barry Clive	Lowell Sherman
Franklin	Richard Tucker
Thad	Tom Gallery
Harkness Boyd	Roy Atwell
Emerson	John Cossar

ence—women are either one thing, or the other, with us. With a sharp intake of her breath, Kathleen walked by him and on into the ballroom. Franklin threw his cigarette over the terrace rail and watched her back, the enigmatical smile still on his lips.

Her eye caught John's as she walked across the ballroom. She made her way to him as he stood in the library door, smiling toward her.

"How wonderful you are!" he told her as she snuggled up to his side. "You are the prettiest woman I have ever known."

Frightened and disillusioned, she crept like a tired child to the protection of her husband's side. How splendid John was, after all. He was not like other men, forever reading a wrong meaning into her every action. Yes, that was one of John's fine possessions—a sense of understanding. He looked at her solicitously, noting her air of weariness and dejection. She smiled at him in reply.

"Oh, John, I'd rather dance with you than anybody else."
"Well, what's the world coming to?" he bantered her. "You want to dance with your own husband?"

Three or four others came up, and requested the next dance of her. She held on to John's arm as she turned to them with a gay smile.

"No," she said, "this dance is John's."

"Well," bantered the indulgent Anixter, "you prefer to dance with me, and pass up all these fine young men? Well, fellows, for once a husband wins out," and he offered her his arm with a great display of gallantry.



Franklin looked at her hungrily.

Just then Emerson stepped out of the door and touched John on the shoulder.

"I must talk to you," he said. "I've just had an important telephone message."

John nodded, and disengaged his arm from Kathleen's. "Sorry, dear, but this is mighty important. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

He followed Emerson into the library. Kathleen could not repress a feeling of humiliation, and she looked after him in piteous appeal. But it was for just a moment. She pulled herself together, and turned to the men crowding about her. Again she singled out one of them with the air that he was the only male in the world who mattered, and they whirled off together over the glistening floor.

Emerson looked at Anixter with serious air as the latter closed the library door after him.

"Look here, John," he began, "the police have just phoned me that Warren has made a complete confession. He's told about the sums he embezzled, and just how he spent them."

Then she turned white with anger.

"You're insulting," she told him. "No one has ever misunderstood me before."

Franklin made a slight, ironical bow, his lips still carrying their suggestion of disbelief.

"Possibly in the South men have not misunderstood your manner of playing with their emotions," he replied. "But we of the North are too busy to analyze the difference—"

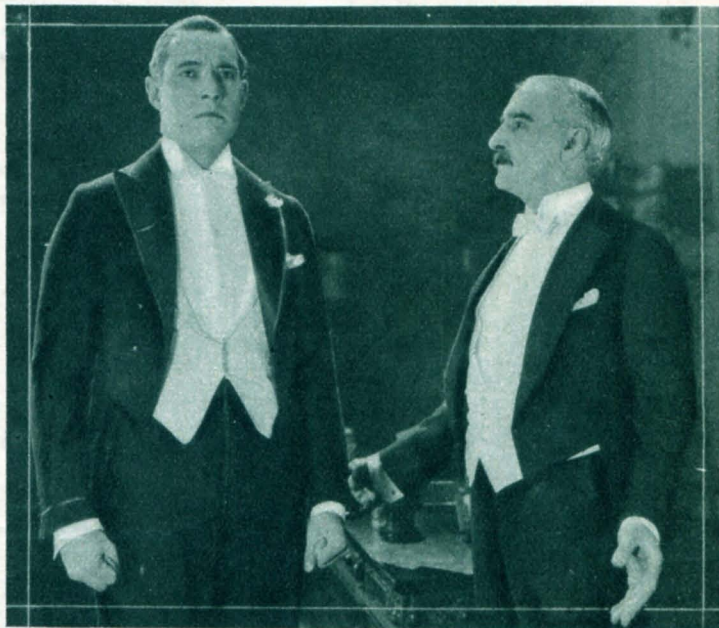
Emerson paced the floor. Anixter nodded grimly. Emerson, noting the look on the young attorney's face, said with evident nervousness:

"Young Warren is married, John. You know that. And, John, I understand there is a baby on the way. It seems unnecessarily harsh to prosecute."

John's face grew sterner. Somewhere in his ancestry a hard strain of righteousness had existed and had been handed down to him. His was an inexorable nature, and he meant what he said when he replied:

"If he were my own son, I would prosecute. Crime must be punished. I believe that those who neglect to punish crime through false sympathy are themselves offenders. Warren should, and shall, be punished."

Emerson shrugged his shoulders in token of surrender, and the two lighted fresh cigars, continuing their business discussion.



"Crime must be punished," John told Emerson.

Kathleen received unquestioned evidence of her husband's uncompromising attitude toward the moral laws a few days after their brilliant opening ball. It was on a sunny afternoon as she came down the stairs that she heard voices—her husband's and the strange accents of a woman unknown to her—in the library. It was the note of pleading in the woman's voice that arrested Kathleen's curiosity, and she stopped to listen outside the door.

In the library John, at his desk, faced the tearful, pleading Myra Warren. The droop of her shoulders, the look of abject despair in her face, denoted defeat.

"Then you are determined to prosecute my husband?" she asked him.

"Madam," John replied, nodding his head, his face very stern, "your husband has committed a theft. To interfere with logical consequences would be a crime in itself."

Kathleen, her face filled with pity, entered the room, to see Mrs. Warren tearfully pleading with John. She stood near the desk, with one hand resting on the sorrowing woman's shoulder.

"Don't cry," she comforted the unhappy woman, "he may change his attitude."

Turning to her husband, she said:

"I couldn't help overhearing, John. Oh, why have you no pity, no mercy! Why not give him one chance? Surely, the sight of this woman's grief should move you to compassion."

John tapped the desk with his pencil, thinking. Then, looking at his wife:

"Dear, if sparing a thief could wipe the slate clean, I'd spare him gladly."

The two women started, and John, shaking his head, continued:

"But the moral law is as inexorable as the law of nature. No act of our lives can escape its logical result. Our good actions bring good results; our bad actions result badly, in the long run. It is as unescapable as death."

(To be Continued)



Carrying on the Name of Daw

By Pete Gridley

THE name of Daw has another aspirant to fame.

Marjorie Daw, popular Marshall Neilan player and star in various recent productions, has firmly established her name among the motion picture patrons throughout the country.

And now her brother Chandler has started out to duplicate for himself the success of his talented sister.

Chandler is fifteen and recently finished high school. His sister had his college selected, but Chandler preferred the school of experience with the motion picture studio as the school.

The youngster has one ambition and that is to become a producer. "I want to learn the business from the ground up," said he to Mr. Neilan recently.

"Very well," replied the producer, "you can start right now by painting the floor of the studio stage; that's about as near to the ground as you can start—we have no cellar at this plant."

After the first week of such work Chandler was "promoted," and now he drives the studio property truck to and from locations. On the side he is studying lighting effects under William Linahan, the studio's electrical expert. Within a few weeks he will be Linahan's assistant, and will progress as quickly as he is able to master each phase of the production business.

"I'm going to learn everything there is to know about this business," said Chandler to his sister the other day as she dragged him away from a job of taping a cable long enough for him to eat his lunch. "When I become a producer I'll know every angle of the game, then I'll give you a great contract to work in my pictures."

All of which tends to indicate that Chandler proposes to carry on the name of Daw in the world of motion pictures.



He's been promoted to driving the property truck.



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Two "Little Ministers"

—also, Two "Babbies"

THEY'VE gone and done it again, the producers. Two companies have taken two stars and put out two versions of one and the same tale.

In this case the duplicated tale is Sir James M. Barrie's famous whimsical tale of Thrums, "The Little Minister." The Vitagraph Company has made the picture with dainty Alice Calhoun starred in the role of "Babbie." Betty Compson, vivacious and overflowing with charms, has the same role in the Paramount production.

It's up to the picturegoers of the country, now, to decide just which they think the superior production. That is, if they want to. As a matter of fact, the screen followers will probably not bother their heads greatly about the matter, deciding beforehand whether they prefer to see Alice Calhoun or Betty Compson in the role of the delightful "Babbie," whose deviltries have caused so many thousands to laugh and cry. That will be the effect, probably, in the majority of cases. A limited few, perhaps, will see both pictures with the idea of making comparisons between the principals and the settings.

The Betty Compson picture was filmed from the play, "The Little Minister," while the Vitagraph production was made from the original book by Sir James. That is the explanation of the fact that there are two film productions of the one subject. Both are being released to theatres at the same time.

Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, directed the Paramount version. Stanlaws has a great eye to detail, and his "sets," particularly that in which he reproduced a goodly portion of the city of Thrums, Scotland, are said to be unusually good. David Smith directed Alice Calhoun in the Vitagraph version.

George Hackathorne plays the role of Gavin Dishart, "the Little Minister," in the Paramount version, and James Morrison has the same role opposite Miss Calhoun. The "Lord Rintoul" of the Compson company is that old veteran, Edwin Stevens, and Vitagraph's "Lord Rintoul" is Henry Herbert. Alice Calhoun's screen mother is Alberta Lee. Others in the Vitagraph production are: William McCall, as "Rob Dow," the village drunkard; Dorothea Wolbert as "Nanny Webster"; Maud Emery, as "Jean," the maid; George Stanley as "Dr. McQueen"; Richard Daniels as "Micah Dow" and Charles Wheelock as "Captain Halliwell."

In the Paramount production Nigel Barrie is "Captain Halliwell," Will R. Walling is "Dr. McQueen," Guy Oliver is "Tammas Whamond," Fred Huntley is "Peter Tosh," Robert Brower is "Hendry Munn," Joseph Hazelton is "John Spens" and Mary Wilkinson appears as "Nanny Webster."

The story of "The Little Minister" is too well known to need repetition; it is one of the most charming of all the charming Barrie tales. It's the tale of the war of the weavers of Thrums against conditions in the mills in which they labored, and of the part taken in it by the elfish "Babbie," who was in reality "Lady Barbara," daughter of "Lord Rintoul," recently returned to Scotland after an absence of many years. The tale of the manner in which "Babbie" caused Gavin Dishart, "The Little Minister," to fall madly in love with her is a famous one—one of the best-known in English literature.



Betty Compson is also a charming "Babbie."



Alice Calhoun as Vitagraph's "Babbie."



George Hackathorne plays opposite Miss Compson



James Morrison is "The Little Minister" opposite Alice Calhoun.



Scene from the Vitagraph Picture



Penrhyn Stanlaws reproduced this Thrums Street.

Spending a Day with Wally

By Gart. L. Charles

Editor's Note: Having been granted a day's absence from the studio while some sets were being built for "Across the Continent," his newest picture, Wallace Reid invited a friend out to the handsome new Reid home to share the brief vacation with him. We persuaded Wally's friend to describe his experience to our readers.

I RECENTLY enjoyed the most strenuous sixteen hours of my life. Wally Reid called me on the telephone and said, "I don't have to work tomorrow. Come on over before breakfast, and we'll make a day of it." A day with Wally being a pleasure I shouldn't care to miss, I accepted at once.

The day at the Reid home starts officially with the pre-breakfast swim, which takes place about eight o'clock. Knowing this, I took my bathing suit along. Wally's new home is one of the show-places of Hollywood—a low, rambling house, of Moorish architecture—and not the least important and artistic feature is the private swimming pool, located behind a high cement wall in back of the house.

"They're all back swimming," the servant told me, and I walked through the house and out to the tiled banks of the Reid lake. Sure enough—there was Wally and Mrs. Reid and even little tow-headed Bill, who is five and about the cutest kid in Hollywood. Just as I arrived, Wally was balancing himself on the edge of the springboard, and an instant later had left it and cut the water in one of the neatest dives you could imagine. He came up laughing and caught sight of me.

"Hello," he called. "Get your suit on and come on in."

So I did. It has been about ninety in the shade out at Hollywood lately, and I sure enjoyed that swim. Afterward Wally and I played with Bill in his sand-pile for a time, while Mrs. Reid went in to supervise breakfast.

"What's this I hear about your having a chemical laboratory?" I asked Wally as we were lingering over the coffee in the sunny breakfast room.

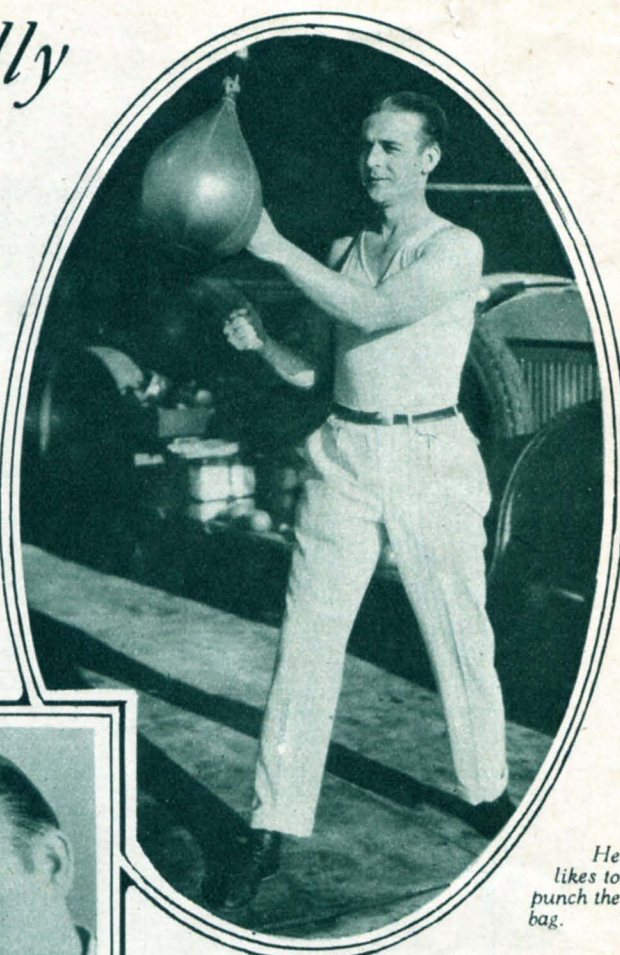
"Sure thing," said Wally. "I'll show it to you."

So he led me downstairs and into a room of shelves, retorts, and bottles of vari-colored liquids and minerals.

"I've always been interested in chemistry—fooled around a lot with it while I was in school," explained Wally. "When I was out in Wyoming working on the Shoshone Dam, I hung around the chemical engineers and picked up more of the rudiments." He showed me several books.

"I like to come in here and work out the experiments outlined in these books—it's good sport seeing if you can make them come out right. More fun than a good game of golf even—by the way, we'll have some golf this afternoon."

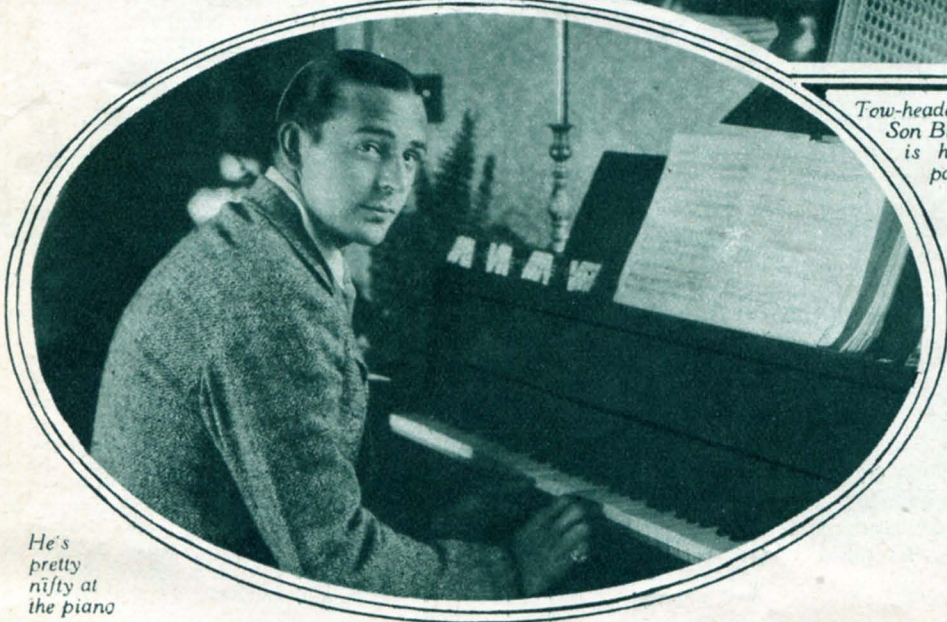
I must admit I'm not much of a chemist, and I guess Wally saw I was getting a bit restless, because he soon suggested that we go up in the music room. The Reids have a fine new pipe organ, and Wally plays splendidly—hymns, classics or rag-time. He also, as he expressed it, "had a little workout on the piano." He can improvise some pretty good stuff and sings a number of entertaining little ditties, accompanying himself softly with one hand. It was an enjoyable hour. Finally Wally swung himself around.



He likes to punch the bag.



Tow-headed Son Bill is his pal.



He's pretty nifty at the piano

"A publicity man down at the studio taught me a dandy new trick," he said. "Come into the den—I've got all my magic tools there."

Let me explain here that Wally's latest hobby is magic. He took it up recently and, possessing deft, graceful fingers, is already adept at it.

There was a typewriter in the den, and a sheaf of closely written paper sticking in it that looked suspiciously like poetry.

"Have you been keeping something from me, Mr. Wordsworth?" I inquired severely.

"Oh, that," smiled Wally. "Read it if you like."

It was written in English cockney dialect and was good stuff. Perhaps Wally intends to try and sell it, so I won't set it down here.

After lunch Wally brought out his golf clubs, and we adjourned to the garage and boarded the star's latest racy roadster for a swift spin to the Hollywood Country Club. All the cops along the road know him and waved greetings.

It was a good golf match, but Wally was too much for me. He won three up. Jim Cruze, who was Wally's director in a number of pictures, was also on the links, and I saw Mrs. Shelby, Mary Miles Minter's mother, and Betty Compson during the course of our match. On the way home we rode through the Beverly Hills district.

Arrived at the Reid home, we had a swim and then dressed for dinner. Wally entertained on the saxophone and violin for a few minutes. He can make a saxophone talk, and he does some trick stuff with the violin that I have never been able to see before. He can toss away the bow, for instance, and play the instrument as if it were a ukelele.

After dinner we went down to the billiard room. Young Bill stuck around until his early bed hour arrived. Wally is making a billiard player out of him and stood behind him and coached. The boy was grimly in earnest and, when he gets in his teens, ought to make Willie Hoppe sit up and take notice. After Mrs. Reid came and got the protesting Bill, Wally and I played balke line billiards until eleven o'clock. Then I packed away my bathing suit, still a little damp, and Wally drove me home through the moonlight.

They say Theodore Roosevelt never had a day that wasn't a series of rapid-fire events, but I'm sure none of them were more strenuous than Wally's "day of rest."

When It Rains in Hollywood

By Felicia Fenton

HERE'S some rainy day stuff. On the left is Tsuru Aoki, as she is known to the screen (Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, in real life), as she started out for a matinee one recent wet day in California.

Though she usually dresses in American style—a smart, snappy style it is, which the little lady affects, too—on this day she obeyed a whim and put on one of her beautiful kimonos. In Japan, you know, the kimono is regulation dress for all occasions for women. Over the gaily flowered costume she slipped a somber robe of brown, and over her satin shoes she put on the "geta," which is Japanese for rainy-day shoes.

With an umbrella over her head she teetered gaily away to the theatre and even Hollywood, accustomed to pranks of the picture stars, was surprised and pleased at the quaint vision she made.

On the right is little Bebe Daniels, in a real, sure 'nuff novelty. It's a dress that's waterproof.

When the heavens pour water on a parched earth, you don't have to hurry in out of the wet, or bundle yourself up in an unbecoming rain coat. Simply don your guaranteed water-proof frock, of chic design, and sally forth, happy in the thought that all the other women will be green with envy.

The water-proof frock is strikingly attractive as well as dry as Volstead. It is made of shiny patent leather, and, according to Bebe, is just as suitable for sunshiny days as for cloudy ones. The gown was designed by Mrs. Ethel Chaffin, who gets up all the frocks for the Realart company. The dress has a striking design in cut work, of gold metal cloth, with large black beads belting the waist.



Tsuru Aoki (Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa) in her rainy-day shoes.



Bebe Daniels has a gown made of patent leather.

Dickie Goes a-Fishin'

By John W. Patton

RICHARD BARTHELMESS says that the recent disarmament conference at Washington, when it took up the question of enemies under the sea, could, with profit, legislate against the swordfish and at least make them observe the rules of civilized warfare. Barthelmess had an experience with a swordfish, and he believes that no submarine could ever cause him any more discomfort or bring him nearer Davy Jones' locker, than did the giant which attacked a boat in which he was a passenger.

"We were filming 'All at Sea,' near New Harbor, Maine," he said, "and in this picture I take the part of a young sailor on a fishing schooner. We had engaged for the sea scenes one of the largest fishing schooners that puts out of Portland. It was being fitted out especially for swordfishing. Captain Turner thought it would be a good idea and that I would absorb much atmosphere if I really went swordfishing. So with a sailor to instruct me we put out in a dory. Others of the crew were sprinkled all around the ocean in their dories. Finally we espied a giant fish. The sailor showed me how to throw the harpoon and, eagerly I waited the opportunity to pierce the fish right behind the head. I suppose my aim was accurate as I let go this huge javelin. After I saw the weapon sink into the fish and the fish do what you might call a run and then disappear, I congratulated myself on having, at my first trial, landed a swordfish.



Barthelmess and Louise Huff "on location" at sea.

"Attached to the end of the rope with which the harpoon is directed, is a small cask, which is used as a buoy. The buoy bobbed up and down on the water, and we made for it. Confident that the fish was dead, we disregarded precautions. But we soon learned that for playing dead, a swordfish has a possum beaten a mile.

"Without any warning we felt a ripping and a jolt to the boat that almost precipitated us into the sea and then the most villainous looking instrument, which turned out to be the snout of the swordfish, came tearing through the bottom of the boat. The fish had seen the boat and had made for what he considered his natural enemy. And like the U-boats he came on his quarry unexpectedly. The snout came all the way through, and there we were, being tossed about the ocean while this giant fish tried to wrest his snout free. It was a mighty perilous predicament to be in and I can truthfully say that I lost my zest right then and there for that means of a livelihood.

"After about fifteen minutes of this sort of playfulness on the part of the fish, another dory came to our aid. This time a sailor who knew how to handle the harpoon used the weapon."

The sharp snout was cut from the fish and was presented to Barthelmess, who put it among his treasured trophies. He says that he never enjoyed a fish dinner so much as he did that night when he was informed that he was eating his enemy of the afternoon.

Pantomime's Scenario Club

Conducted by Florence McIntyre



Do you think the professional 'reader' at the studio does justice to amateur writers' stories? Are they not, as a rule, simply passed over and condemned before even being considered?"

This question, in various forms, has come to the Club from numerous members, and so I am going to tell you what I know about the matter.

I think the most misunderstood individual in the entire motion picture industry is the reader in the studio. The reader is seldom given credit for anything other than being a mean, unappreciative person, unwilling to give the struggling writer a chance.

Now, this impression which the general public seems to have, is, a very false one. First of all, the reader is hired by the motion picture producer for no purpose other than to discover stories which are suited to his needs. Finding stories for production is the reader's business, and it is up to that individual to do what he is being paid for. Consequently, the reader is just as eager and anxious to find stories which the studio can use as the ambitious writers are to have their stories accepted.

The great majority of people seem to think that manuscripts are often passed by without being read. This is not so. There is such a tremendous demand for stories all the time that the reader dare not pass over a single manuscript, lest it contain at least a good "idea." And as I have already told you, producers often purchase stories merely for the idea of "situation" contained in them.

One director told me recently that a story had been purchased for five hundred dollars, merely because it contained a suggestion for a "sub-title" in a picture which was in the process of production at his studio.

In accepting the said story, they told the amateur writer frankly the exact purpose for which they intended using the same, and the writer was entirely satisfied, and gratified that her "effort" contained an idea worth that much money. So the transaction was consummated to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

I just said that not a single manuscript is passed by, but let me modify that statement somewhat. There is a certain percentage of manuscripts which come in to every studio so badly prepared that it is impossible to read them. And by badly prepared, I mean that the stories are scrawled upon both sides of a crumpled brown paper bag, or similar paper, written with a smudgy pencil in an absolutely illegible hand. This type of manuscript does not get consideration, for the scenario department knows at once that if the story written thereon were worth while at all, it would be worth the author's efforts to at least present it in neat style.

The appearance of a manuscript has a great psychological effect. The staff, in most instances, is willing to co-operate with the person who sincerely tries, and you may rest assured that if your story is neat in appearance, it radiates "effort" and is bound to compel attention at the studio.

I recall one day when everybody at a studio with which I was associated, had been working extremely hard. It was all of seven-thirty in the evening before anyone thought of "quitting." As I passed down the hall, I noticed a light burning in one of the reader's rooms. Thinking that someone must have been unmindful of the old slogan: "When Not in Use, Turn Off the Juice," I stepped into the room to switch off the light.

There I found one of the readers pouring over a manuscript. She had had a hard day and I inquired if she was not going home with the rest of us.

"Not until I finish reading this story," she replied. "Mr. —," mentioning the star's name, "is so eager for a new story, and this manuscript is so painstakingly prepared, I feel it may contain something of value. If it does, I want to dispatch the glad tidings to the anxious 'author' with all due speed."

It was simply because the manuscript was presented in form that gave

evidence of the author's intelligence that the reader was willing to devote her evening to going over it. Mind you, she did this on her own time, and it was not because she hadn't anything else to do, for the fact is, she had two darling kiddies who eagerly awaited her return from the studio each evening.

So you see, the reader is not the hardened egotist that you may imagine. For there are many in the field just like the lady mentioned—conscientious and sincere.

The reader's job is to find the story for the producer, and the producer is constantly in need of new stories. The more available stories the reader discovers, the more valuable are his or her services to the studio.

You all know the value of personal appearance. Well, it is just so with the manuscript. The manner in which it is presented reflects the man or woman behind the story, and you will make no mistake in putting forth your best effort to make your manuscript attractive.

It is well always to write on eight by ten paper because the standard size of file drawers where manuscripts are kept usually accommodates paper of that size nicely, and the use of such paper does away with the necessity of folding the story in half. Do not tie your pages together with fancy ribbon, but fasten them securely either with clips or staples, and be sure always to write your name and address clearly in the upper left-hand corner of the top page.

Sometimes amateur writers place their names and addresses in the corner of the envelope, but this is not sufficient, for in most of the large organizations all letters are opened in a mail room and the envelopes destroyed before the contents are distributed to the various departments. So, if the name and address are not also on the manuscript or story itself, difficulties are encountered in making a record of the same.

Always aim to place a title on your story. Some amateur writers either overlook this point, or purposely omit the title in the hope that the producer will find one more suitable. But it is well to create a title of some sort for your story, because very often manuscripts are filed under titles instead of authors' names. If you adhere to "the rules of the game" in these matters, you will help the studio keep an intelligent record of your work, and the chances are your story will not go astray. You must bear in mind that yours is not the only story received that day—each day brings hundreds of stories to every studio, and by paying attention to such details you greatly facilitate matters for the scenario staff.

Now then, it is well when sending your stories to PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club for constructive criticism, to make believe that you are actually sending them direct to the studio. Practice makes perfect, and if you get into the "neat" habit with the Club, when the time comes for you to send your precious "effort" to the producer, you are bound to offer your story in neat form, thereby enhancing your chances for its consideration.

It is well to devote an entire page to the title and your name. Place the title on the middle of the page in capital letters; on the next line the word "by" and neatly centered under that your own name. This is known as the "Title Page," and is the one which should also have your name and address written in the upper left-hand corner.

It is well also to write a brief synopsis of your story on the following page. You might start your brief synopsis by saying: "This is the story of," and then go on to give in as few lines as possible the theme or "idea" of your story—simply stating what the plot is about.

Such is the form in which most studios like to receive stories, and I am giving this information to my readers so as to guide them in the preparation of their "movie" stories.

You may send your manuscripts in to PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club for constructive criticism before offering them to the producers. Perhaps we can discover the weakness in your story which will make your effort successful instead of otherwise. Just remember that a year's subscription to the magazine entitles you to all privileges in the Club, as outlined in last week's issue, and for the very small fee of one dollar each, you may have an expert constructive criticism from our staff of experienced studio critics.

If the PANTOMIME Scenario Club Department is not entirely clear to you, write us and ask questions.

Art for

Women's dress is an art. And what's more, it's art for art's sake. Take Pauline Starke, for instance, at the right. This dress is of black taffeta, with embroidered peacock-blue circles, leaves of gold, and bronze-red rose.

Art's Sake

Below Pauline is in a navy-blue French serge with side panels in apron effect. Panels are shirred and embroidered in large oval designs in apple-green silk, with heavy corded girdle tasselled at the end. Upper part of panels is of apple-green satin, with three rows of navy-blue satin.



Miss Starke has, above, a stunning afternoon dress of silver-grey canton crepe. The front of waist is an insert of pleated grey chiffon with moire ribbon tying at top and hanging below waist-line. The skirt is closely gathered and falls in pleats which are slit ten inches from the bottom in streamers less than two inches wide.

Pauline knows how to make hats work for her, too. (Look at the left.) This picture hat is of silver-grey horsehair braid. The fetching creation is featured by a variety of daintily-blended flowers, strips of velvet and strands of ostrich feathers.

You May Quote Me As Saying—

By Mr. "Nosey"

Gloria Swanson: "I would rather have people say, 'Isn't she convincing!' than 'Isn't she good looking!'"

* * *

Lila Lee: "Making faces at yourself is lots of fun. That's why I enjoy dual roles."

* * *

Agnes Ayres: "I wear some chic gowns in 'The Sheik'—and others that are more 'Sheik' than 'chic!'"

* * *

Wallace Reid: "A director who doesn't insist upon cutting his own picture is as bad as a general who walks off the field when the battle's half over."

* * *

Cecil B. De Mille: "My latest picture, 'Fool's Paradise,' is directed at the people who are so dazzled by a splendid 'front' that they don't look for what's beneath."

* * *

Betty Compson: "If the human race as a whole bores you, you're out of luck. Because you meet the human race wherever you go these days."

* * *

Clara Beranger: "The theory that a professional cannot run a husband, a home, and a job at one and the same time is as antique as it is absurd."

* * *

Thomas Meighan: "An expert pickpocket told me that all the careless men in the world carry their money in a wad in their right-hand trousers pocket."



Clara Beranger insists it's possible to be a star and a good wife too.



No royal road for screen writers, says Jeanie Macpherson

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Von Stroheim, boss-director and an overworked villain.



One of the Old World scenes.

Maude George is a wealthy woman of mystery.



Mae Busch is a vampirish person.



At Last—the \$1,000,000 Picture

IT'S here at last—the \$1,000,000 picture. A real million-dollar picture, not a reel one, as burbled about by the press agents. Its name is "Foolish Wives," and it was produced by that host hateful, though fascinating, of villains, Erich von Stroheim.

For many weary months now, was on the inside of the movies, have been awaiting the announcement that "Foolish Wives" was about to be released to the gaze of the palpitant millions. For we knew that von Stroheim had been given a million dollars and a lot of liberties by his boss, Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, and told to go ahead with his great idea. And Erich "went ahead."

You see, it was von Stroheim's own idea, this "Foolish Wives." After he had made a pretty considerable success in the direction of "Blind Husbands" (he can't seem to find any pictorial virtues in mere domestic persons of either sex) and "The Devil's Pass Key," he went to his boss, all aglow with his idea. He talked and talked and talked—and talked some more. He explained his "brain child" in detail. Oh, it was to be a great picture. It would startle everybody, including the wise guys. And (mere detail) it would cost fully a million real American dollars. That's the reason von Stroheim had to do so much talking, for the million had to come from Mr. Laemmle.

After "shooting" about 80,000 feet of film, which had to be cut down to less than 10,000, and spending \$1,200,000 in doing it, von Stroheim has his picture ready for showing.

Whether or not Mr. Laemmle is mourning his \$1,200,000 has not been made public.

He has put his scenes in Monte Carlo, Nice and others of the world's famous play places. On the shores of the beautiful bay of Monterey in California he built an exact replica of the famous gambling house at Monte Carlo at a cost of Lord knows how many thousands of dollars. He had society women from San Francisco in the massive scenes he filmed there. Many of the "shots" were made from platforms built over two hundred feet above the waters of the sea. It was really an achievement in picture making.

Mae Busch, she of the black and unruly hair, has a vampire role that puts Theda Bara to shame. Miss du Pont is what one might term a "lady of quality," and Maude George is the wealthy woman of mystery. (W. L. George says no woman is a mystery!) Von Stroheim has the role of a bogus count, an unscrupulous Russian. Rudolph Christians, who started out as the foreign ambassador, died before the picture was completed, and Robert Edeson had to "double" for him in the remainder of the scenes.



Filming was done from a platform over the sea.



Mr. Von was popular; he violated Volstead.

The Triangular Larry

By Harold Howe

THE host of people who go regularly to see Larry Semon comedies and watch that comedian cavorting through two reels of laughter, do not realize that Larry Semon is also the author and director of all his screen offerings.

Not only has Larry the responsibility of being himself funny but the entire direction of each and every member of the company is in his hands, and the original business which each and every member of his company does is given them from the fertile brain of Larry himself.

Very few people realize the amount of work entailed in writing and directing comedies. Most of Mr. Semon's are miniature comic operas, for which he keeps regularly employed a beauty chorus which he has to train both in facial and terpsichorean graces.

If you should chance to visit Larry while he is working on one of his two-reelers, you will see an altogether different person than the baggy-panted individual who is so widely known. You will find a keen-eyed man with a soft cap on, instructing his leading woman, the beautiful Lucille Carlisle, in the steps of her new dance, or you will observe him showing a comedian acrobat the art of falling off a gallery ballustrade without breaking his neck.

In his forthcoming comedy there will be seen one of the finest dancing girl revues ever staged in legitimate comic opera. It will have all the features of the great musical shows that appear on Broadway, and the dancing master and chorus master in one is Larry Semon. He personally attended to the creation of brilliant costumes, especially made with an eye to picture-light requirements. Special dance numbers in some of which Larry, the comedian, trips the light fantastic with a string of beautiful girls, were ground into film as a thirty-piece orchestra played a rhythmic jazz accompaniment.

Larry has a friend in Yasua, who, you should know, is a girl from Nippon.

As in all his comedies, Larry again has animal actors pass before the screen.

Probably no director of the day secures better results with animals than Larry, whose infinite patience always succeeds in securing from Mr. Jack-ass, Mr. Monkey, Mr. Dog, Mr. Rat, Mr. Cat, etc., the highest degree of four-legged artistry.

Appearing one moment before the camera, the next moment training the girls in the art of dancing, you will also find Larry in still

Larry may not be graceful, but he's mighty efficient as he shows Lucille some nifty steps.



Between "shots" the Semon company shoot marbles

another moment mixing with the technical men and carpenters, busy in the work of erecting magnificent sets—and don't forget that at the same moment the author of the comedy is busy in Larry's brain creating the business of the comedy as the making of the film progresses.

Not long ago, Larry, who is a trained acrobat himself, jumped from a moving train top on to an airplane passing above. This particular stunt was tried several times before it worked out properly. In one of his recent acrobatic "stunts" Larry met with an accident and spent three weeks in a hospital. In his new comedy there is one particular piece of business which is probably the most thrilling that has ever been filmed in his screen comedies. Larry, on the top of a train moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is struck by the walls of a tunnel as the coaches enter. What happens to him is bound to raise the entire audience to its feet. This particular stunt had to be tried five times before it was deemed satisfactory. Every day a score of life insurance agents were seen in the offing with designs upon Larry's pocketbook.

Larry Semon's leading woman is Lucille Carlisle, whose beautiful back has excited the comment of well-known illustrators all over the country. She has been absent from his comedies, recently, enjoying a long-earned vacation.

At least, she regarded it as a vacation. Most people would feel differently. For her "vacation" began with a serious illness.

Then, after the danger mark was passed, there followed long weeks of convalescence when she couldn't do anything but loll back in an easy chair and be waited on. Finally the welcome wire came to Larry:

"Have recovered, can come back to work as soon as you want me."

And right away the answer was rushed back: "Take the first train."

And so, now, her lithe and beautiful form has made her one of the accepted queens of screen comedy, and she brings to each part a sparkle and vivacity which injects a certain feminine charm into all Larry Semon's comedies.



A Day with Zena

By Edith McKeen

"A H, yes, PANTOMIME'S morning," beamed Zena Keefe. And PANTOMIME'S representative was ushered into a very charming little apartment—lovely soft things you just can't resist touching. Tropical fish "n everything." (There's no argument as to the sex of the representative.)

Yes, and the farther in you walked, the longer you decided you would like to stay.

I hadn't had the pleasure of meeting Miss Keefe before, so I was all set to judge from what I had seen of her on the screen. And, as is generally the case, my impression was just about as correct as the average person's idea of the theory of relativity.

Miss Keefe just seemed to perfect the charming, home atmosphere. At times you felt the only thing lacking was a little voice calling "Mother."

She has a lot of hobbies, has Zena. One of them, from which she seems to derive a childish delight, is having her picture taken. So outdoors we went, and after several suggestions from "yours truly" as to getting away from "the same old stuff," her adorable little nose started to quiver (reminding one of the little animal so popular on this winter's coats).

The photographer was just on the verge of exasperation when a frisky little police dog came "cutting-up"—or "down"—the avenue. And Zena's eye caught sight of it, just the time mine did.

That settled it. The net result you can see for yourself.

Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Keefe is not doing anything for Selznick just at present, she is keeping up her reputation of being "The Busy Little Lady." She has just returned from a three-months tour of the States, which included everything from personal appearances to a constant endeavor toward "Keeping Up Appearances."

Zena must have been told that "pretty little



She has a lot of hobbies.

with thoughts similar to—a permanent wave, a birthday present for mother, my blue dress from the tailor's, and I must show Dorothy my new Paris gown.

"When they really make up their minds and come to terms so that it can be printed, I am going to buy a book and find out what it was all about."

Isn't that just like a woman—desiring everything in a nutshell and served on a silver platter?

"Yes, we have a delightful little bridge club," Zena went on. "We have two tables, and meet every Friday afternoon. This is my week, and I have planned the daintiest little luncheon! I'll let you sample it today. Oh yes, do tell me what you think of this prize I've made."

After racking my brain to discern just what it might be termed, so as to give a pleasing reply, I decided to use discretion, and run "true to form." So of course my opinion was, "It is beautiful!"

Just between you and me, it was my conception of futuristic art. But I've learned that it is wise to use a little white lie once in a while. It's much better than having to use a horrid black one later, to undo a wrong you've committed by telling the absolute truth. As any accountant will tell you, an attractive statement is infinitely better than the real facts of the case.

However, getting back to the prize—it turned out to be the latest fad in Paris lamp shades—although quite unlike any of the numerous ones which Miss Keefe had in use. Lamp shades, I learned incidentally, are another of her hobbies. Her studio is full of them.

Yes, she has a studio in which you find everything from a sewing machine to a coffee percolator.

From this, probably you can imagine just what Zena's dressing room at the Selznick studios is like—crepe hangings, victrola, refrigerator, and just about everything that spells "comfort."

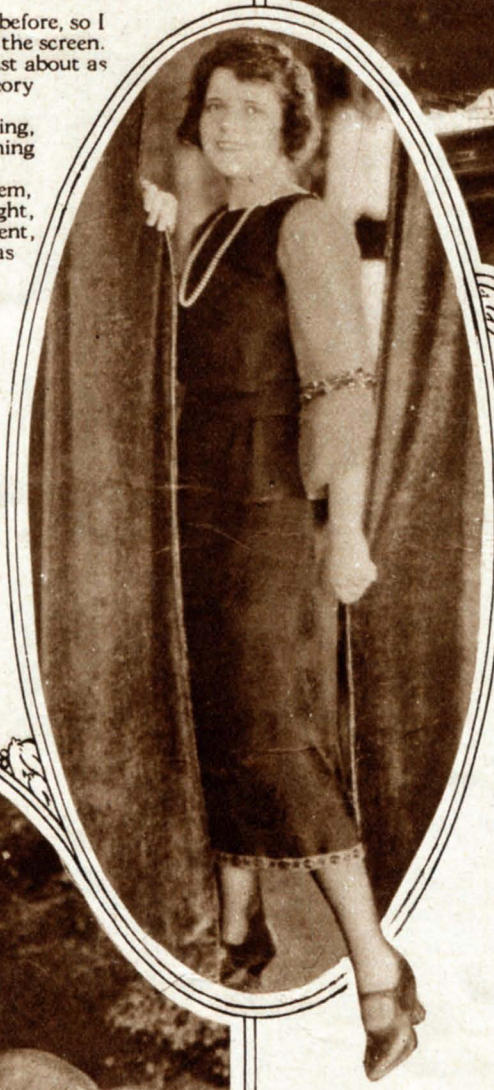
Another thing about Zena—and this is unique. She actually admits she misses her dressing room—also the studio itself. I dare say, she isn't the only one who misses both—but most of those I've met vow and declare, "It's really wonderful, you know, to get a rest!"

Luncheon was announced by a rather eccentric looking person, who turned out to be a combination waitress and full-fledged cook—one of the "once-upon-a-time, long ago" type you read about—yes, read about.

Miss Keefe certainly did justice to her statement of "the daintiest little luncheon," and right there and then, one of my New Year's resolutions was shot full of holes. (I do not wish to imply that Miss Keefe is an affinity to Mr. Volstead, and sincerely trust she will not receive a visitor of the Government as a result of the above statement—hence this lengthy but necessary explanation. (Anyway, I believe to have a case there must be (no you missed your guess by twenty bottles) circumstantial evidence, and if this is the case, pray allow me to indulge in my girlish laughter.)

A fanfare of music ended this most delightful interview. (I believe you can see from the picture, that Miss Keefe pedals quite well.)

And after a chat about things that really aren't any of your business: "Good morning, PANTOMIME, do drop in again." "Thank-you, Zena. You just bet I will!"



She creates a charming home atmosphere.



She loves dogs—especially puppies.

girls should be seen and not heard," for getting an interview out of her was almost as difficult as convincing the Kaiser he ought to stop putting his name before that of the Creator.

She simply wouldn't talk. But I was just as stubborn as she, and I hung on and on, until I extracted, bit by bit, some of the intimate things that go to make up the real Zena as opposed to the "reel" Zena Keefe.

And as women will do, we discussed everything on the calendar from cabbages and kings, to ships and sealing wax. Then from me:

"Just what are your views on M. Briand's concession, Miss Keefe?"

"Goodness—this from Zena—"now you've started something that I am afraid no one can finish. My dear" (very confidentially, this), "I've positively devoured pages and pages on the reviewing of reparations, treaties, naval policies—and all that terribly boring stuff—so as to be able to talk intelligently over the bridge table. And now—after all that work, I emerge

FANDOM NOTES

"For once," says May McAvoy, "I've seen men get enough to eat!"

"You see, in 'A Homespun Vamp,' my new picture, there is a sequence where I have to prove my matrimonial fitness by my ability to cook corned beef and cabbage. It took two whole days to film these scenes. As we had to take each scene several times, it meant that Guy Oliver, Charles Ogle and Lincoln Stedman were doing a lot of damage to numerous loaded plates."

"On the first day the three men 'did noble.' They attacked the successive plates of 'Irish turkey' without a murmur. On the second, however, their enthusiasm began to diminish—and by the third day I caught Charles Ogle surreptitiously sampling a box of digestive tablets!"

Rudolph Valentino evidently believes in the old adage about the early bird.

He comes to the Lasky studio every morning at six o'clock to allow himself plenty of time to put on a perfect make-up.

Discovered! A former Mack Sennett bathing beauty who can't swim! This is none other than Gloria Swanson, Paramount star, and the truth came out during the filming of a watery rescue scene in her latest picture, "Beyond the Rocks," from Elinor Glyn's story. The scene was taken near Catalina Island and the rescuer was Rudolph Valentino, who has the male lead. Miss Swanson gritted her teeth and went overboard, however, and except for swallowing considerable salt water came out none the worse. But Rudolph got dragged under a few times before he made the rescue.

Overheard following a recent benefit at which both young ladies appeared:

Constance Binney: "Mary Miles Minter was the best looking person there. She had on the most adorable dress."

Mary Miles Minter: "Constance was simply wonderful. I wish I could dance like that."

Now who says screen stars are jealous of each other?

Denial that she was engaged to marry T. P. Dixon of New York was made this week by Mary Miles Minter, in a telegram to her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby.

Miss Minter's telegram follows: "As this seems to be an open season for all sorts of wedding engagement rumors, let's be cheerful and round out the year with last denial. That's seven for 1921. Say for me I am not engaged, married or out of a job."

Speaking of long-lived families, Richard Dickson, playing a member of the Mennonite school board in "Tillie," with Mary Miles Minter, is 84 years old. His mother is 114, and Dickson himself expects to live thirty-five years longer. He is an ex-circus acrobat and he sets his probable final age at 119 because when young he had a very severe fall. Otherwise he feels he might easily attain to 200 years.

She goes the flappers one better, does Wanda Hawley, by combining in her costume for "Bobbed Hair," her current feature, the three most sensational features of the recent mode: bobbed hair, very short skirts, and no stockings. Miss Hawley appears as an "acolyte" of a colony of the "liberated," where the costume is an abbreviated artist's smock.

One of the burglars who robbed William D. Taylor of jewelry worth \$1,700 returned two weeks later and smoked a cigarette on the porch of the motion picture director's home.

How did Mr. Taylor know about the return visit? The nocturnal visitor left the butt of his cigarette on the step. It was gold-tipped, of the exclusive brand used by the director, the entire stock of which was stolen with the jewelry.

If you are ambitious and would jimmy your way into high society by the newest method—i. e., motion pictures—follow the directions Ferdinand Earle learned from present bitter experience (his picture being the jimmy in this particular case):

"First: Purchase a small block of stock in a promising art motion picture production."

"Second: Vamp enough stockholders to control fifty-one per cent of the stock."

"Third: Grab the film when the man who made it isn't looking, edit the story to suit yourself, and take it to New York."

"Fourth: Invite the elite to attend a pre-view and pose as a patroness of screen art."

"You will then be welcomed into society with open arms—unless society is wiser than you are!"

George D. Baker, directing the new Gareth Hughes picture, "Don't Write Letters," had assembled fifty overseas war veterans at Metro studios in Hollywood to appear in their A. E. F. roles before the camera. He started explaining the ideas of the photoplay and said:

"We intend to show the humorous side of trench life in all of its overseas realism."

One veteran interrupted and asked:

"Does the humor lie in not having to dig the trenches?"

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

"Every dog has his day," reminds Helen Ferguson, "and I guess I'm entitled to a little bark!" More power to you, Helen, you can yelp all you please! Helen is playing the feminine lead in "Hungry Hearts" for Goldwyn and no actress is more worthy of recognition—and a private barking park all her own. She suffered great hardships in her struggle for a place in the sun—even to slinging hash in a Manhattan beanery. So she has a right to the soft spots now.

Gloria Swanson is working on Elinor Glyn's story, "Beyond the Rocks," in which she starts out a child of fourteen, dare not prophesy what will happen to the cocoon when it becomes a butterfly; but, take it from me who has seen them, the butterfly is a "dressey" one and wears some striking costumes! Gloria just loves to "grow up" in a picture. A double treat is in store for the "fans"—Rudolph Valentino is her leading man. Worth dressing up for, eh?

Dorothy Dalton and Rudolph Valentino sailed three varieties of boats about the Golden Gate harbor for "Moran of the Lady Letty"—a three-masted schooner, a full-rigged ship and an auxiliary yacht. Now racing along our chaste boulevard seems quite tame. Miss Dalton will make "Tharon of Lost Valley" next.

The cast of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" gets fed so much that they'll say it is *not*! T. Roy Barnes, who plays Arthur in the Leo Ditrichstein success, is not in the present eating scenes, but gets a handout off the "set." Walter Hiers is there, doing his duty manfully, as he always does—funny how Walter always manages to be around when food is served!—and Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Sylvia Ashton and Otis Harlan were stowing it away yesterday.

Melvina Polo, Eddie's daughter, has an ingrowing ambition to be an actress. So her mother is taking her to Europe, where she has received an offer to play with a Berlin picture company.

Benjamin B. Hampton gave a party via long distance. While it snowed away in the San Bernardino Mountains on location making scenes for "Wildfire," he entertained Harry Leon Wilson, Stewart Edward White and Zane Grey at the Ambassador by proxy. "Proxy" answers to the name of Hewlings Mumper, his general manager.

Gaston Glass won the all-star dancing contest at the Ambassador Coconut Grove recently. Judges were Wallace Reid and Walter Hiers. But Gaston won't dance any more for a week or so—he and his racer tried to shove a street-car off its track up on Hollywood Boulevard, with disastrous results to Gaston's legs and arms. He suffered numerous abrasions and bruises.

The title of the latest Hallroom Boys Comedy has been changed from "Why Girls Leave Home" to "Wise Girls Leave Home!"

Janice Wilson, sister of Lois and a screen actress in her own right, is engaged to a Memphis chap and will desert Hollywood. Always knew Memphis would get its name in the papers some day.

Hollywood, decked out in sunshine smiles, celebrated her tin wedding anniversary this Autumn. For she and Al Christie were married, as it were, ten years ago when he opened the first studio here—in a former road-house. Adjacent stables served as dressing-rooms for Louise Glum, Harold Lockwood, Mrs. Davenport and her daughter, Dorothy (now Mrs. Wallace Reid) and Mrs. Eugenie Forde and her daughter Victoria (now Mrs. Tom Mix). Both Hollywood and Christie are satisfied with the prosperity the union has brought them.

Charlie Chaplin is very enthusiastic over the bust of himself modeled by Clare Sheridan, the noted English sculptress, who invaded Russia to immortalize Lenin and Trotsky in clay. When she came back she wrote a book of experiences and what she thought of the Russians—but she hasn't yet given to the public her impressions of Hollywood—and Charlie. Mr. Chaplin says with dignity that he'll never let them "mount his bust in the Hall of Fame"—it's just a "souvenir" of his friendship with the sculptress. My, oh my! But Charlie is a modest chap. Mrs. Sheridan and her small son went East upon their return from a camping trip with the comedian.

Phyllis Haver is out again, having been confined to her home with influenza. And nobody even knew she was ill! She was "between pictures," and hadn't had her "phone" installed in her new bungalow, so her absence escaped comment. And Phyllis says as soon as she gets her "phone" in—which, from personal experience, I prophesy will be about the year 1935—she's going to be sick all over again, so everybody'll know about it and send her flowers!

Ran into Dante and Beatrice, also Hero and Leander—greatest lovers in all history—over at the Realart studio yesterday. They've been reincarnated temporarily for Wanda Hawley's picture, in a "vision" scene. Leander invited me to come out and watch him swim the Hellespont tomorrow.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Jess—Mary Hay is to return to the stage in "Pomander Walk," a musical production. This production will give Miss Hay more of an opportunity to exhibit her dancing ability than "Sally," the last musical production in which she appeared.

Caroline B.—"Hush Money" is Alice Brady's latest picture. The cast includes George Fawcett, Larry Wheat, Harry Benham, and Jerry Devine. No, Alice Lake has black hair. She wears a blonde wig in "The Hole in the Wall."

Craig—"Billie" Dove was christened Lillian Dove. She is appearing in "At the Stage Door."

Lydia D.—Julia Hoyt, who made her screen debut with Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing," will become William Faversham's leading woman in "The Squaw Man."

Murray—"In the Days of Buffalo Bill" is the name of the new picture in which Art Acord will appear. Dorothy Woods plays opposite him.

Jack K.—Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, and educated in Los Angeles. She is now a Famous Players star. She weighs 123 pounds and has black hair and eyes.

Hawthorne—Renee Adore, who is Mrs. Tom Moore, is working for the Fox Film Company, Los Angeles.

Interested—Andree Tourneur is seventeen years old, and very blonde. She has been selected to appear opposite Bert Lytell in his forthcoming starring picture, "The Phantom Bride."

Alice F.—Robert Agnew is twenty-two years old, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. You are right, he played with Billie Burke in "Frisky Mrs. Johnson," and also with William Faversham in "The Sin That Was His" and "The Valley of Doubt." He played with Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower." No, he is not married; he says he is not even threatened.

Pat S.—Marguerite Clark is not making pictures just now, although as far as I know, she has not permanently retired from the screen. Her home address is 50 Central Park West, New York City, care of Miss Cora Clark. Her latest picture was "Scrambled Wives," produced by the Marguerite Clark Productions, 807 East 175th Street, New York City, and released through Associated First National. Elsie Ferguson is with Famous Players. Her latest picture is "Peter Ibbotson." She is also appearing on the stage in "The Varying Shore." Clara Kimball Young plays the lead in "What No Woman Knows."

Gray Eyes—I have not the genealogy of Monte Blue at hand, but I have always understood that his great grandfather was an Indian chief. With no other Indian relatives, if you can figure out what percent Indian he is, you have the problem solved.

Harry—Yes, Frank McAvoy is May's brother. I never heard that she had a sister. Harold Lloyd is appearing in "A Sailor Made Man."

Oscar Christie's educated duck is no more. He met an ignominious death at the hands of a pig, just after he had taken unto himself a helpmate and introduced six little ducklings into the comedy fold.

Dorothy Jane—The only picture called "A Poor Relation," of which I have any records, is one made very recently by Will Rogers. It has not been released, so I am unable to give you the cast. If there has been a picture made some time ago by the same name I shall be glad to get the cast for you if you can send me more information concerning the picture. For instance, the name of the producer would be a great help.

Constance—Yes, there is a report that Pearl White is going on the stage. When interviewed concerning this rumor, she acknowledged that she would act on the speaking stage if a suitable play were found for her. But she added that she had no intention of giving up work on the screen.

Larry—James Crane is playing with Elsie Ferguson in "The Varying Shores." Pola Negri is playing in "Vendetta." Emil Jannings plays opposite her.

Roger—George Bunny is a son of the late John Bunny. Francelia Billington is the wife of Lester Cuneo.

Pauline—Lucille Lee Stewart is a sister of Anita Stewart and wife of Ralph Ince. Constance and Faire Binney are sisters. Constance is older than Faire.

The \$1000 Contest



65 Here's a young lady whom you have seen as the star of many a Paramount picture, who will again be on the screen shortly after a considerable holiday necessitated by caring for the beginnings of a family. Now, we've given her away entirely. Yes, she's in Hollywood again with her director-husband, and will soon make a screen reappearance.



66 And this youth, ever since he was starred in pictures, has been a Thomas H. Ince star. That is, as long as Paramount put out the Ince pictures. You haven't seen him lately, either, but the popular dramatic comedian is also contemplating an immediate return. He was born in Philadelphia, is just under five feet ten inches in height and has brown hair and eyes.



67 This girl is right now making a big hit for herself in a current picture in which she plays a big role in a truly big way. She got to the screen via the beauty contest route. Her progress was rapid, and she's now seen as leading woman in the biggest Paramount pictures. A look at these eyes and this hair should serve to identify her immediately.



68 This man should be identified without a second glance. A warm-blooded Latin, his rise has been meteoric since he first appeared in pictures with Mae Murray. Now appearing in Paramount pictures, he has been seen with Dorothy Gish, Clara Kimball Young, Dorothy Phillips and others. He threatens to be one of the most popular leading men in pictures.

RULES FOR CONTEST

Write your identifications on the coupon to the right.

SAVE THE COUPONS UNTIL THE CONTEST ENDS AND THEN SEND THEM ALL IN TOGETHER.

Send only the coupons, together with your name and address, and remember, send them all in together, after the contest ends.

DO NOT SEND THEM WEEK BY WEEK

This is for your own benefit, because it gives you the full period to figure out the "stickers."

In case of tie full award will be given to each.

All answers must be in our office not later than March 1, 1922.

Back numbers may be had by sending twelve cents, coins or stamps, for each copy desired, to the Circulation Manager, Pantomime, Suite 914, World Building, New York City. Contest began December 3, 1921.

No. 65 is.....

No. 66 is.....

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No. 71 is.....

No. 72 is.....



69 An old-timer in pictures, this popular leading woman is one of the most stately figures of the screen. Born in Pennsylvania and educated in a St. Louis convent, she had a successful stage career, appearing, among other productions, in "Madam X." You have seen her in many Goldwyn pictures. Early in her screen work she appeared with H. B. Warner. She is a brunette with blue eyes.



70 This Englishman should be easily distinguishable, for he is six feet two inches in height. He's a mighty good actor, too, having had stage leads in "The Wanderer," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Taming of the Shrew." You have seen him in Geraldine Farrar pictures, and he had a part in "The Miracle Man." He is almost forty years old.



71 This girl, a Southerner, threatens to become a star most any day now. She's one of the featured players in a new Cecil B. De Mille picture. Her first screen appearance was with William Farnum. Her progress has been steady, but not sensational. She was in several big Goldwyn pictures before joining the cast of the new De Mille production.



72 Another Englishman, but it didn't take, for he came to this country as a boy to be educated. He's a dandy comedian. On the stage he was leading man in such companies as "The Red Canary," "The Passing Show of 1914," "See My Lawyer," and "Over the Top." Now do you know him? He's six feet tall, and a blond.

Pantomime



Thomas Meighan